

ROLLERDERBY

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"I don't really believe in Satan.
He's just this...sexy...guy who's gonna...
who might be on fire!"

My father's house, 9 AM

Ken Carver is cooking bacon and eggs. Linda, his 30-year-old roommate, smeared in last night's makeup, is in the living room yelling cheerfully at Kelly, a cute 19-year-old. Also present are Simone, dazed and green all over with grass stains, and Brian, Simone's newly ex-boyfriend. Enter Lisa Carver and Wolfgang, her three-year-old son.

LISA [*pointing at enormous bottle of vodka, now empty*]: What happened to this?

SIMONE: What happened to *me*?

KEN: Simone had an adventure last night, but no one knows what.

SIMONE: I went into some bushes, I can tell you that, 'cause I got bushes in my hair.

LINDA: And dirt on her ass! [*slaps Simone's ass, hugs her*] Everyone gave me a hard time last night at Jerry's [Sports Bar]: "I can't believe you left Simone passed out on the sidewalk."

SIMONE: I wouldn'ta been talking about it. If it were reversed, I woulda been going back looking for you until I found you.

BRIAN: Simone, you got them purple underwear on again? You had them on three days.

KEN: Now which is more important, Simone--you dying of exposure, or Linda having fun? [*Linda smacks Ken.*]

LINDA [*pointing at Kelly*]: She's gay. [*grabs her thigh, pulls her on her lap. To Lisa:*] You remember my girlfriend? Aren't her eyes beautiful? [*Linda pulls the hair out of Kelly's eyes.*]

LISA [*studies the eyes*]: Yes.

SIMONE [*to Brian*]: I never said you abused me.

BRIAN: I'm gonna go home and get you some clothes. Where's your pretty bras? Where's all your pretty bras? [*Linda snatches Wolfgang's pacifier and starts sucking on it.*]

LISA: You're gonna get him drunk, sucking on that and then sticking it back in his mouth.

LINDA: I brushed my teeth. Smell. [*blows forcefully in Lisa's face*]

LISA: Not bad.

SIMONE [*to Brian*]: You think God likes you right now?



Evil Little Sister



Liz Armstrong was homecoming queen two years ago. She's 5'3". We met in New York City.

LIZ: I just got a dollar haircut! In Tompkins Square Park. This homeless guy walked up to me and said, "You're a really pretty girl, darlin', but let me tell you--your hair is *terrible*! We have to take care of that!" I said, "OK." He said his name was Hamilton Beach, he was trained by Vidal Sassoon and he's worth 30 million dollars.

LISA: It's probably true!

LIZ: I don't think so, Lisa. He was very drunk and dirty.

LISA: It can happen to the best of us.

LIZ: Well, he definitely had training. We sat down on a bench and he pulled out a smock--a real hair-cutting smock! He

saying, "You hold still, Missy!"

LISA: Hamilton thought you were his.

LIZ: Yeah. He said, "You're the cutest thing I seen since I was born." He was nice, but I didn't want a relationship with him outside the professional one. Haircutter and client. This Jean-Paul guy said, "OK, we have to go eat dinner now." So we did!

LISA: I love New York. So, why did you want to take pictures of you dead?

LIZ: I just really wanted to be so trashy. It was an abandoned convenience store. The lights in the parking lot were fallen on the ground, there was big gravel, this huge ditch....

LISA: What were you thinking when Aaron was taking the pictures?

LIZ: Like... "He better take them right."

LISA: [*laughs*] You were supposed to be



poured water over my head--he had a water bottle. Then there was this other guy--an onlooker. He said, "Are you crazy?" I said, "I'm getting a dollar haircut!" So then the onlooker turned into Hamilton's assistant.

LISA: Was he another homeless person?

LIZ: No, he was a visitor--a visitor from California. His name was Jean-Paul. Jean-Paul and I started pretending like we were married, I don't remember how it happened. And Hamilton got mad. He started grabbing my face really hard,

thinking something deep and startling!

LIZ: Really? Oh, I was just like, "I'm dead." I dunno!

LISA: So you don't have this sex-death obsession?

LIZ: Oh, I do! Oh, I totally do! After, when I was looking at the photos, I was thinking, "Oh my God, I'm hot! Awesome! Lookit--I'm all bashed up and stuff!" I don't really believe in Satan. He's just this...sexy...guy who's gonna...who might be on fire! Devil... Devil wants to

Lisa Carver, PO Box 474, Dover NH 03821

tie me up and fuck me! Devil knows what to do. But then there's Death. Death is like, "I'm going to lick you."

LISA: He's nice.

LIZ: No, he's not nice. No one's nice! I don't want anyone to be nice!

LISA: Even in real life?

LIZ: In real life, I want someone to talk to. Devil and Death--they don't talk. They might growl.

LISA: [laughs] Do they murder you ever?

LIZ: No, but it's like the brink. It's right there. Death makes me cold and blue lips, but Devil has the fire and he can revive me. [giggles]

LISA: What about in real life, how far do you want to go?

LIZ: Yeah, I want them to tie me up and bite me hard and give me bruises and make me bleed. I love blood!

LISA: So does all this happen?

LIZ: I get bitten. I get tied up. I've been whipped.

LISA: Did you ask for it or does it just happen?

LIZ: See, that's the thing--you can't ask for it! And they can't ask me if it's OK either. No asking first allowed, 'cause then you're not the Devil! Sometimes I'll finally tell them. One guy said, "What do I have to do to turn you on?" I said, "First of all, you'd have to be a girl. Second of all, I guess you could beat me." But as for Devil--Devil's not religious. You know what I mean?

LISA: You have some perversions you're putting the name "devil" on.

LIZ: Yeah.

LISA: Yeah. How would you describe yourself physically?

LIZ: Well, you know I'm so sweet-faced, but--

LISA: I don't think so.

LIZ: [gasps] You don't think so?

LISA: You look young, but you don't look sweet. You look like a fox.

LIZ: I'm a fox? I always wanted to be a fox. I always wanted to be so sexy, but--

LISA: I mean the animal the fox. A very young, evil fox. Like a six-year-old evil fox-girl who doesn't know quite what to do with what's inside her, how to direct it.

LIZ: I was told I need to shape my energy. But I don't want to shape my energy!

Devil will shape my energy!

LISA: Did a Wiccan tell you that, about needing to shape your energy?

LIZ: No--it was my editor! He's full of shit. The editor at *Village Voice*. He was also talking about you.

LISA: Me?

LIZ: Yeah--he said, "She's not the end-all to writing, you know!"

LISA: Yeah, duh! They suck.

LIZ: And the Devil's in liquor too. I'm not into drugs. When I do drugs, I feel powerful; but when I drink, I feel trashy. Right now, I'd rather feel trashy. I'd rather feel abused by this substance than empowered by it. I want to feel like I'm being tied down by this liquor! [Lisa bursts out laughing.] Am I being flaky?

LISA: No, I can feel the same way. I think what you're going through at 19 is you're trying to find out where your brain fits in your vagina and your gut.

LIZ: I read your suicide thing [in RD21]. I related. Did you feel dark when you wrote that?

LISA: No. I felt like a comet. Have you seen that Spice Girls video where they're moving super-slow and everything else is moving so fast it's just streams of light?

LIZ: Yes, yes, yes, yes!

LISA: That's what I felt like, but the opposite--I was moving super-fast--so fast that no one could even see me. I was in the same life, the same earth, the same sidewalk as everyone else, but I--

LIZ: Yes, I hear you! You're rushing to

this thing you want, but you can't create it--it has to *happen*. I know what you mean--I want to create these scenarios, I want to make this stuff happen--

LISA: Because you're this really forceful person, so it's natural for you to force things and to create things, but what you *really* want is something more forceful than you--which is really hard to find!

LIZ: Yes, I agree. Totally. Yes! You know what I always think of? What people's nipples look like.

LISA: All the time?

LIZ: All the time! OK--her. I see they're red.

LISA: Oh, I saw beige.

LIZ: OK, her. Those are turbo tits. *Those* are beige nipples.

LISA: Oh really? I saw red. OK, her, her!

LIZ: The old lady?

LISA: Yeah.

LIZ: I don't want to picture her nipples!

LISA: Too bad. They're the color of flesh and big--at least as big as a silver dollar, if not bigger.

LIZ: Salami nipples. What do you think mine look like?

LISA: Little and crimson.

LIZ: You're right! You've probably been right with all of them. I suck at this!

LISA: I never thought about nipples before. I always picture what people are like to have sex with--constantly! Especially on the subway. I'll just be talking to them normally, and I'm thinking that. The entire time, I'm thinking about that.



Liz & Kate
along well at all.

Despite appearances, these two did not get
photo: Lisa

LIZ: "Would this guy throw me against the wall? Is he a sexualist or a sensualist?"

LISA: Which one are you?

LIZ: I was just having a discussion about this with my roommate. I don't know if those categories are valid. But mostly I'm a sexualist. Except it takes me so long. It takes me *forever*. I've only had an orgasm *once* that wasn't self-induced. That's bad, don't you think? Not *bad*, but c'mon--there's got to be a better life out there.

LISA: Do you do it missionary so he's a dead-weight on you and you're fucking him even though he's on top? That's the easiest way, I think, to come.

LIZ: Yeah, I hear you.

LISA: That and I fake it. Almost everyone I know fakes it--even some of the guys.

LIZ: I don't fake it, ever. I'm just like, "Oh well, the end, fine. OK, you didn't please me, but I'll deal. I'll help you."

LISA: God, that must be so hurtful to the guy! I'll fake it 14 times in a row.

LIZ: Really?

LISA: Oh, sure! Oh, they love it. And in a way it's not lying, because I'm just communicating that I like what they're doing in the language men understand about sex. And faking almost always leads to the real thing, because it gets everyone in a good mood, and then the real thing happens, and WOW! So, would you ever commit suicide?

LIZ: There's this place--this pit, and there's these big fans turning down in the pit--it may have been an air conditioning system. And I said to this guy, "I want to throw my self down there." And the boy said, "You couldn't, because you'd probably deflect yourself, and just break your arm." And I said, "Don't say that to me! I want to die right here, right now!" I'm too rational to really do it, but I *think* about it, like: "I'm on the brink of death, I'm gonna explode, I'm gonna explode all

over death." Oh my god, I'm getting so turned on just thinking about it!

LISA: I can tell!

LIZ: Can you?

LISA: So what happened at the moving blades pit?

LIZ: We started making out and I was so turned on and we were rolling around and then I never washed that dress--I slept with it, because it smelled of death.

Shizuo

There's cat in that music. That funny music. Music happy singing. Car Alarm like this music, yeah.

ABBA

Fish dance, kick music. [*demonstrates*]

Porn Beats

Monster not in this music, no [*said dubiously*]. Car Alarm scared. Strange really music. Don't like that strange music. Mama, turn off strange music.

Alec Empire

Globe is in the music. Storm's coming! Watch out!

Erikah Badu

Present. This music is a present. Lady is singing through Mama's hair.

Costes

[*Gets up and leaves the room.*]

Ruins

Strange, crazy monster attack me, kiss my lips. That's *disgusting*!

NWA

Fire engine outside Mama-Wolfgang's house.

Judas Priest

This man mad--vroom, vroom!

Dual Power, The Rebirth of Fool

Buzz. Those sounds are satellite dishes sounds. Man crying. Turn that music down. [*It's a compilation CD. He is referring to the Merzbow song.*] That man bad. That man making a mess. Making a mess with strange gun. Bell from train. It's eyeball.

dance with that pretty girl, show round and round. Ladies like round and round.



photos: Aaron Springer I just noticed this pose is almost identical to Cindy Dab's in RD 11.

Music Reviews by Car Alarm

Wolfgang Carver is three and will answer only to the name Car Alarm. He doesn't much care for pop music like Dolly Parton or The Ghost of Tony Gold, claiming it is "just music-music."

MARIAH CAREY ON MTV: Want to go her



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by Bill Brent

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—SETH FRIEDMAN

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Welcome back to the



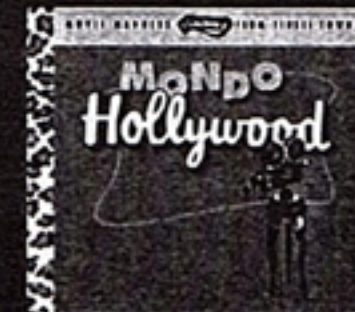
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SPECIAL
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Daily Globe

Physical Fatness Fat Music Vol. III

Bigger, Stronger, Fatter

ATHLETE - This Sunday's round of 16,000 plus pounds in one chunk while watching history unfold during the year's World's Strongest Man and World's Heaviest Man contests. People were amazed that a man just over 6 feet tall and 1,000 pounds could lift a 2,000 pound barbell. People were amazed that a man just over 6 feet tall and 1,000 pounds could lift a 2,000 pound barbell. People were amazed that a man just over 6 feet tall and 1,000 pounds could lift a 2,000 pound barbell.



Diet Death

Weight Watchers
Warned: Beware

By [Name] [City] - The diet does days have been more than 2,000 unnecessary deaths and the family report of these accounts for the alarming rate of more than 20 deaths per year. Health researchers are warning that the diet could be a health hazard. The diet could be a health hazard. The diet could be a health hazard.

Discern The Soul

I can name that soul in...one promo photo!

Aerial M

LISA: It's Bill!

RACHEL JOHNSON: It is not! That's not Smog. That's an aboriginal.

LISA: No, he's a college man.

RACHEL: An aboriginal college man.

LISA: So what's his soul? He's trying to overcome his natural petulance.

RACHEL: He's not petulant-- I think he's friendly.

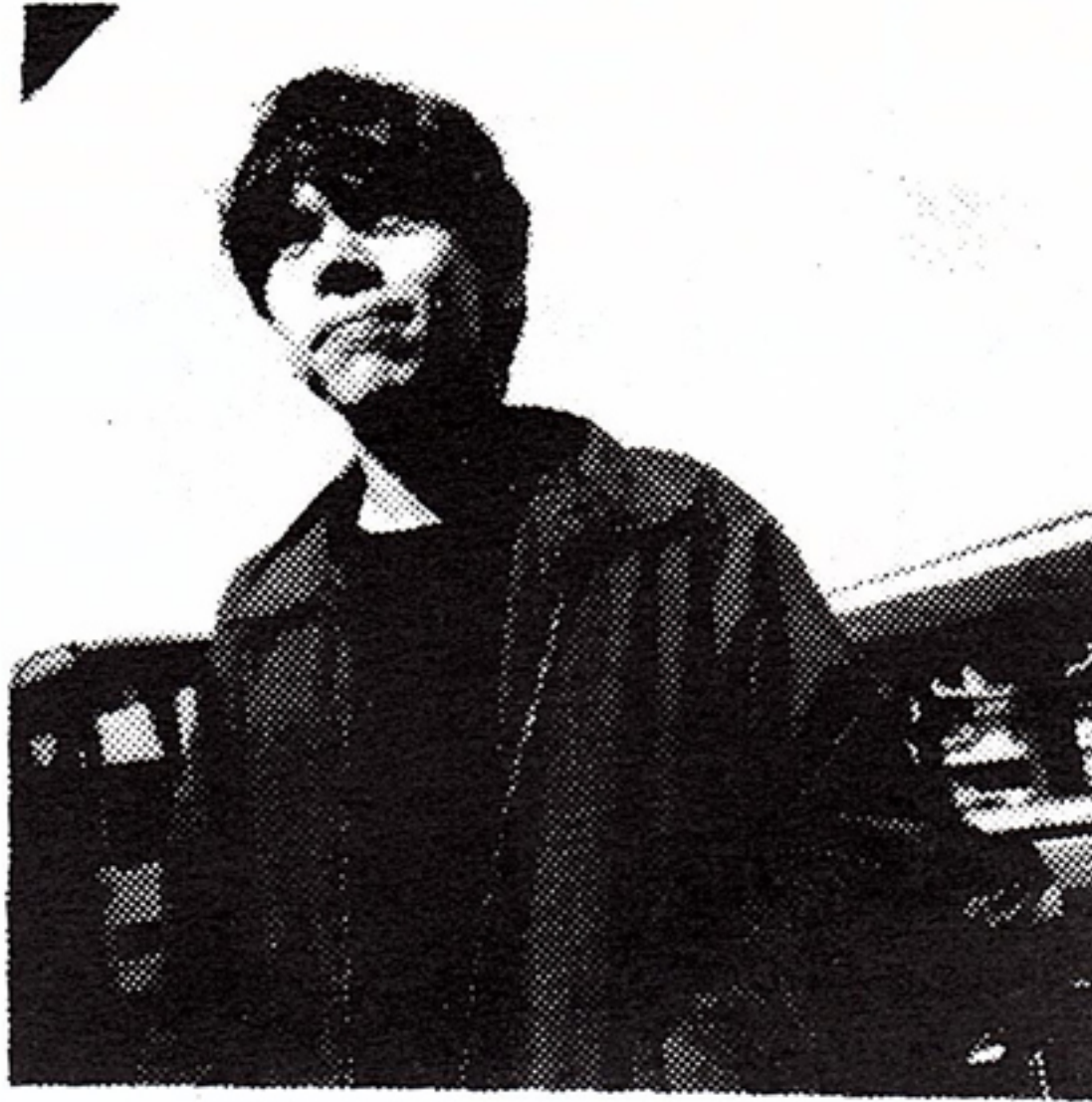
LISA: You're right. I think he's my little brother that I never had.

RACHEL: I think he is too.

LISA: Mine or yours?

RACHEL: He's the little boy we both never had. He has the same chin as you. The nose is aboriginal.

LISA: What are you talking about *aboriginal*?!



between us, and now you're taking it out on Demonspeed.

RACHEL: Who have you gone out with who had slicked-back hair?

LISA: No one, because they're too evil.

RACHEL: They're not evil!

LISA: Yes they are! They have bad ideas about people. They're hateful.

RACHEL: He's too busy looking in the mirror to come up with *any* ideas about people.

LISA: He's a negative, cynical man.

RACHEL: It's an absurd photo, I can't believe you react in any way to it. I feel bad for you.

Notwist

RACHEL: [*laughing and laughing*] Him! Why did they put him up front? I mean, it's such a

dichotomy of presentation here: this guy's *huge* and these guys are all washed-out smudges. And *look* at him. Look at him!

LISA: He thinks he knows something.

RACHEL: He figures he's French.

LISA: Nah, he's not French.

RACHEL: He figures he is.

LISA: He figures he knows about dichotomies. But he doesn't. I like this one, this smudge. He's studious. He likes to go out when the leaves are blowing.

RACHEL: No he doesn't, because he gets dust in his eyes.

LISA: You would *think* he wouldn't go out, but he *does*.

RACHEL: No, he doesn't.

LISA: Rache, he does. He does.

RACHEL: This one goes out, but only because he feels he has to.

LISA: Beauty boy? Old Mr. "Look at me, I'm not beautiful, but you know I really am, don't you?"

RACHEL: I keep coming back to this one [the dichotomous Frenchie].

LISA: That's an alcoholic soul there. Even if he's never had a beer, it's an alcoholic soul. It's wretched. I really do like this other one, though. Mr. Leaf-Blower. I'd go out with him.

RACHEL: No, he'd irritate me. He'd say, "Well...hmm."

LISA: If he said that to me, I'd punch him, and he'd like it. It would cure him.

RACHEL: What would you do with *that*[Mr. Big Face]?

LISA: My god, it's so horrible! I'd run away and he'd chase me-- talking. He'd try to convince me of something. I don't ever want to be convinced of anything. I'd tell him, "You're not the boss of me."

RACHEL [*wistfully*] The Notwist. If not wist, then what?

LISA: You just don't like my guy because he's Jewish, and you're jealous of my conversion.

RACHEL: He is not Jewish!

LISA: He is so Jewish.



Demonspeed

LISA: He's attractive. His soul is an ugly thing and I want to destroy it.

RACHEL: Eww.

LISA: I'd kill his soul. My light would blind him. He'd turn to dust. He's man of the night, and these three behind him represent checkered cabs, moving through the city like sharks in the eternal darkness of the deep.

RACHEL: How come one always gets in front? How do these guys feel about getting shoved in the back? "Demonspeed, how do you feel about that?" How could you think he's attractive?

LISA: You know I've always been attracted to a man with slicked-back hair and you aren't, and you resent that difference

RACHEL: He is *not* Jewish.

LISA: He's a Jewish academe.

RACHEL: You have no idea. He looks like Tim Willard [Rachel's brother's friend, who's *not* Jewish].

LISA: He looks like Jim Hildreth.

RACHEL: Exactly.

LISA: Well, Jim's Jewish, isn't he? You don't like Jim, do you? You have secret hostility because he came to visit me and not you.

RACHEL: Jim has never liked me, so how do you expect me to like him? I let my guard down with him once, and I was *shouted at*.

LISA: You call harassing someone when they're in the bathroom trying to blowdry their hair "letting your guard down"?

RACHEL: I was...well, yeah. Because I wasn't my usual restrained self. So I came on a little strong--so what?

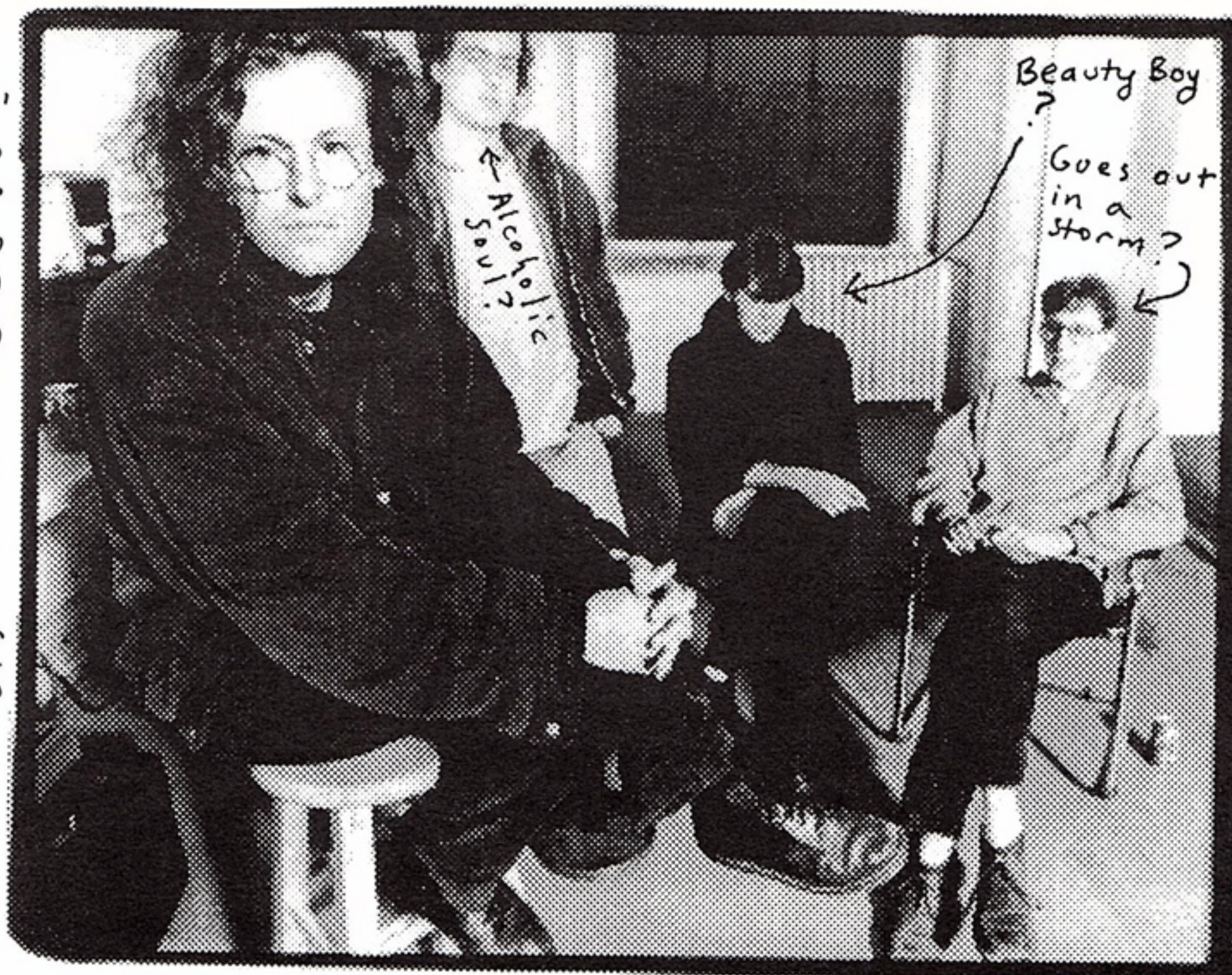
LISA: You tried to break the door down!

[I just read the press kit--they're Bavarian. And, I learned, we were right: they do think they know about dichotomies! "The Notwist provide a foray into something new by taking a cue from German philosophy--namely, the dialectical process. Thesis and antithesis collide, and in the rubble, something new is formed. The worst and most unforgivable crime in contemporary music is the creation of something derivative, unless of course it is fortified with a strong sense of irony. The Notwist is anything but derivative. They even strive to answer the as yet unanswerable: Is it possible to glean anything remotely positive and useful from the annals of metal?" What's so unanswerable about that? OBVIOUSLY the answer is yes! The Notwist just wish things were unanswerable, because it gives them something to do all day: not answer.]

That's such a tall order to set for yourself, that press release. Because I just put on the CD, and I didn't hear a thesis or an antithesis. I do kinda like Mr. Big Face's noninflected voice, though. It makes me sleepy. --LC]

Shallow

LISA: Boring. But boobies! Boobies are a very redeeming quality.



RACHEL: Why is Beautiful hiding behind her?



LISA: Beautiful? You think he's beautiful?

RACHEL: He has an animal soul.

LISA: What? He's like...a fat man who's not fat. And he's...irritable.

RACHEL: Oh, he could be in any band anywhere. Generic. Sorry, pal.

LISA: He's gonna end up in a good job with a large corporation after he's criticized corporations for ten years.

RACHEL: Mm-

hm. And he'll always do music on weekends and have a past when he was in Shallow.

Zeek Sheck

LISA: I love this picture. She must be so fun. I want her to enter my house. She has a bright, ebullient soul and hairdo.

RACHEL: Do you know her?

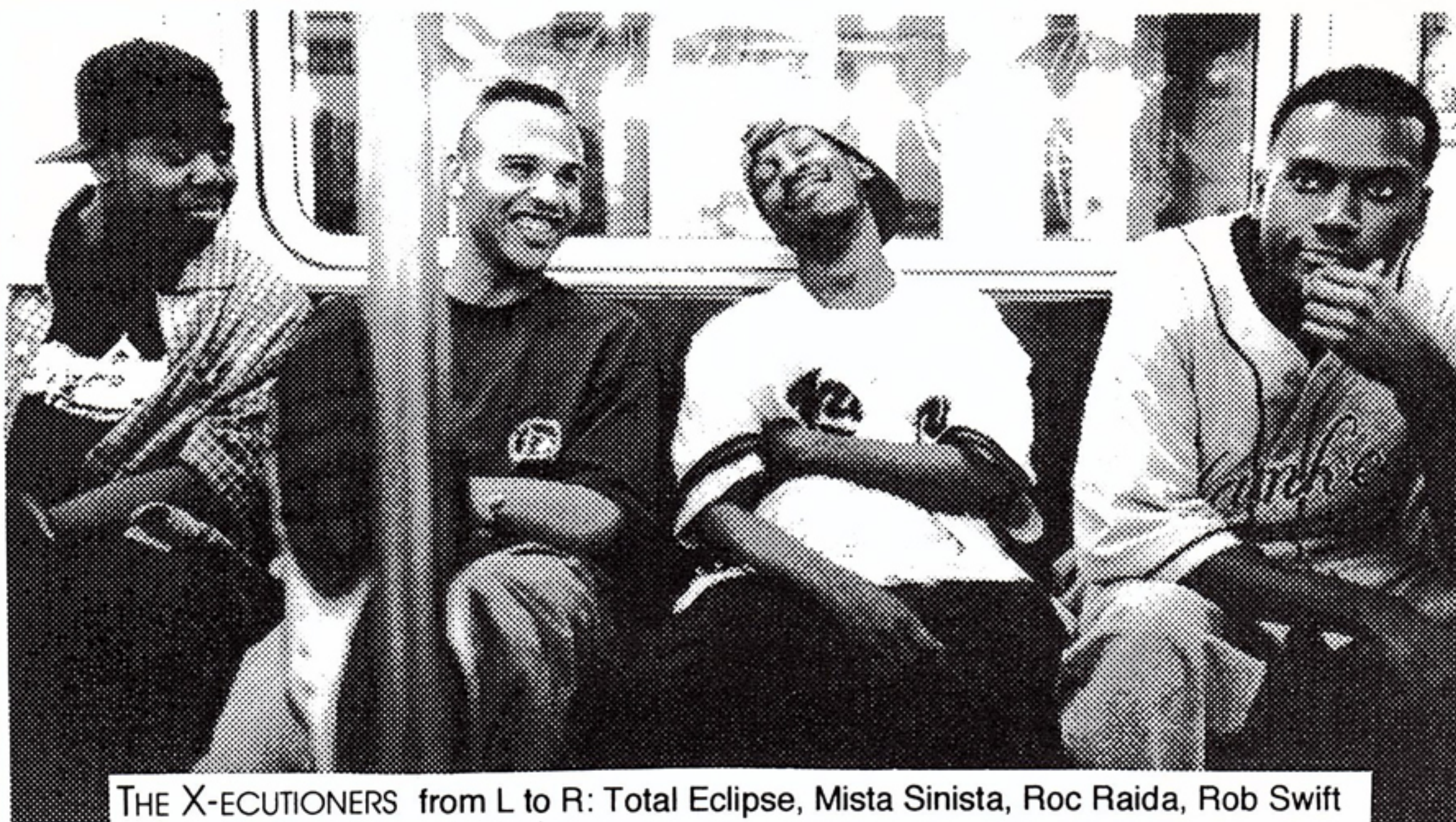
LISA: No. Look at those floppy curls. And look how cute these little creatures are. That's what emanating from her soul: googly-eyed fuzzballs.

RACHEL: She has a very old face--as in she could be in a period-piece movie. She'd be the sincere sister.

LISA: She's my new friend, even though she doesn't know it yet.

RACHEL: I think she'd be very self-confident and just walk by me. I think she likes to hang around the guys.





THE X-ECUTIONERS from L to R: Total Eclipse, Mista Sinista, Roc Raida, Rob Swift

art and singing.

Photek

LISA & RACHEL:

Aaaagh! Photek.

RACHEL: In my other life, I would've thought he was hot.

LISA: Yeah--if it was late at night. OK--his soul, Photek's soul...it's a white light, without self-knowledge.

RACHEL: Nice *bone structure*.

LISA: There's nothing *but* bone structure.

RACHEL: Bony!

LISA: Bony soul. And yet he *wants* to be tender.

The X-ecutioners & Love Nancy Sugar

LISA: This guy--Roc Raida--he could have a good belly laugh but then he could sock you across the mouth and blood would come out.

RACHEL: Rob Swift. I trust Rob Swift. He doesn't need to hide behind a moniker. Unless Swift isn't his real name and he's really--

LISA: --slow. I feel like Rob Swift and I could really have something to say.

RACHEL: Rob Swift and *I*. I'd say, "OK, guys, you other three--all this aside, you jokesters. Rob and I have to talk."

LISA: What would you talk about with Rob?

RACHEL: "Rob. What's going on?"

LISA: *[laughs]*

RACHEL: Mista Sinista does look sinister.

LISA: Really? I thought he was cute.

RACHEL: Yeah, he is cute--but he also looks like he could *bite* you and rip flesh from your bones. Is it a trust issue just because they're black and they're on a subway? Let's get over that.

LISA: I must say, I've noticed that they're black. But see, I notice too that these guys in Love Nancy Sugar are white. This guy--this guy is just not transcending his race. He's really not.

RACHEL: He doesn't care about that. He cares about getting a date.

LISA: You know, if a hot black love mama kidnapped him, it would change him.

RACHEL: *[sighs]* You're in another world.

LISA: Look at that girl's big nose. I love a big nose, I really do. It leads the face.

RACHEL: Well, she looks like she has other things to worry about, like



RACHEL: Yeah. He's the quintessential--

LISA: --bony man.

RACHEL: No, you know what I mean.

LISA: No.

RACHEL: He looks like all the guys we used to want to go out with who had a cruel side and then we wanted his soft side--just with us.

LISA: We'd always see them stepping onto a bus or off of one.

RACHEL: The hard outer shell and the intensity.

LISA: I like Photek a lot less than I did 60 seconds ago. I've already outgrown him. Where did those men of our youth end up?
RACHEL: Wasted.

Shizuo

RACHEL: [screams] What in the world is he doing?
LISA: He's probably fighting a monster.
RACHEL: There's no monster.
LISA: It's right here, just beyond the camera frame.
RACHEL: He's posing.
LISA: No, he's fighting a monster you can't see. That's his soul: to fight the monsters no one else can see.
RACHEL: You just think he's cute!
LISA: Well...
RACHEL: That's why you keep on insisting there is a monster!
LISA: No, Shizuo music is funny and sexy. He's German.
RACHEL: That's no excuse. They're always a little simple.
LISA: They're exact.
RACHEL: He's gonna say, "This is Shizuo, so we're gonna do a martial arts stance," and that's the end of it.
LISA: You're saying it exactly fills the order.
RACHEL: Exactly.
LISA: That's a German for ya. See, I like that exactly filling the order thing, because I'm always spilling out the sides of the order, all over the place.
RACHEL: I just want to take this picture further, but you can't. You just have to accept that this is Shizuo and this is the picture.



Ec8tor

LISA: This is too good-looking to live. Look at that.
RACHEL: Ew! That's pouty, weird, child-murderer.
LISA: Child-murderer? He's a child himself! He's beautiful. Look at him. I think he's bereft of soul because I've been that good looking a couple times--the summer of 1987 and for a few minutes of 1996, and my soul was bereft during those periods.
RACHEL: You never were that good looking!
LISA: Yes sir!!!
RACHEL: You never were baby-faced.
LISA: Yes sir. I saw myself in the mirror a couple times looking that good looking.

RACHEL: No. You look like her.

LISA: Hey! Yeah, that is me, I must say. I'm the not good looking one! Baaah!

RACHEL: I look like him. There's a picture of me looking like this, and I'll show it to you. And I was a child-murderer--in my fantasies. Yeah, you tried to take over me, but this is me--him.

LISA: [sighs] This is me--her.

RACHEL: They're young. That's how I assess their souls: they're young.

[I met Ec8tor right after Rachel's victory over me and the promo photo, and the one she looks like turned out to be in real life an overgrown big baby beast! (but seemingly a nice person), and the one I look like is...an undergrown little baby beast! (but a nice person, too). --LC]



Ben Lee

LISA: You're gonna love him, I know.

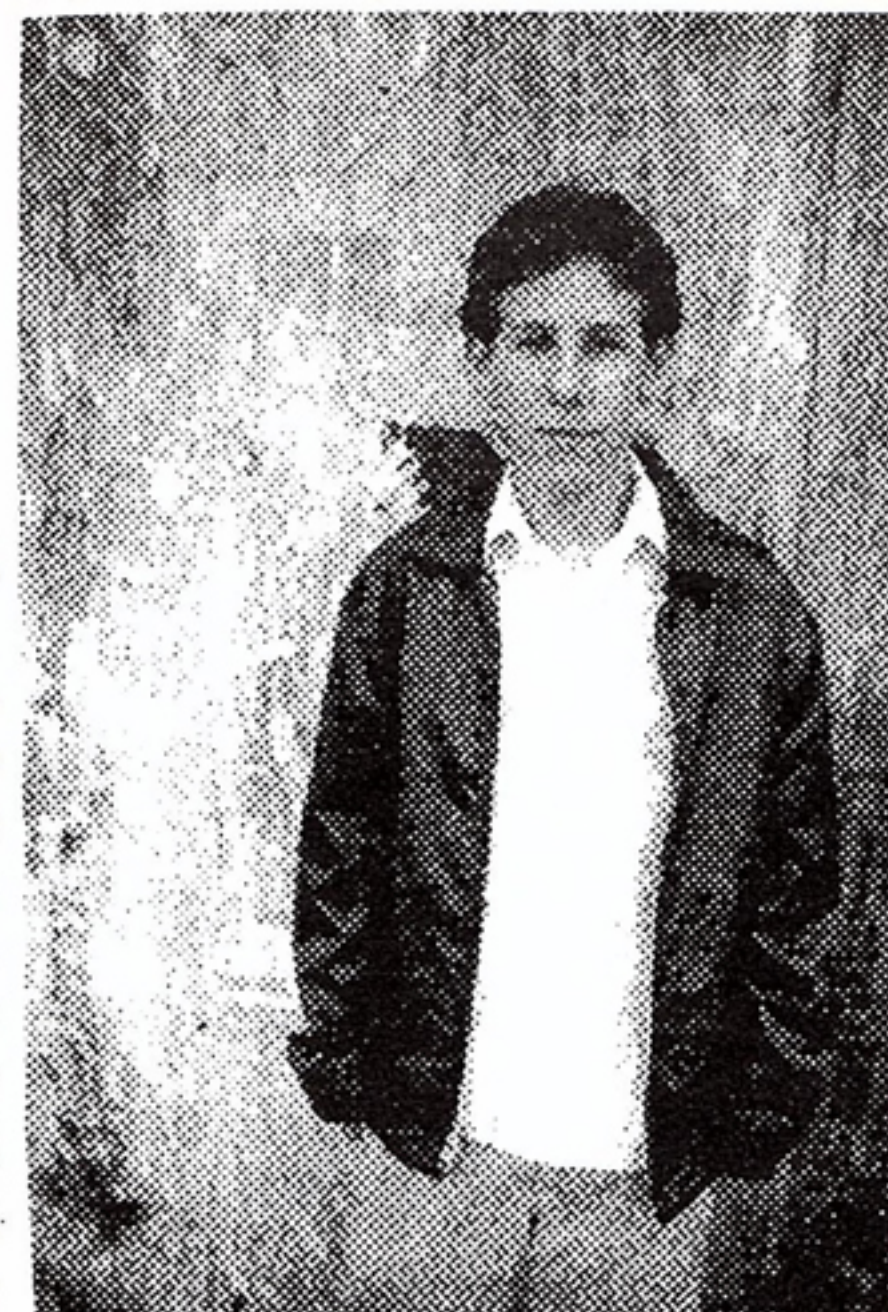
RACHEL: No.

LISA: You don't? He's Australian. He's only 17.

RACHEL: He could be 40.

LISA: Yeah, he has an old soul, and I gotta tell you I'm not interested in an old soul in a young man. It's not right.

RACHEL: Well, I don't trust it. I've had two guys tell me they had old souls.



LISA: They said that out loud? What assholes.

RACHEL: Their souls were so old they were dead. So they didn't have any. The Venezuelen was one of them. Was he trying to say he's actually 80, and I misunderstood? Do you think I should say to him, "When you told me you're old for



your age, did you mean you're elderly with no sex drive?" What do I have to lose? It might shock him into action. Ben Lee looks like he doesn't even want his picture taken--so why bother, go do something else. He looks slightly sardonic about it, so nonchalant. It's like, if you don't care about it, why do you expect me to care?

LISA: He's never gonna be in prison.

RACHEL: Ben Lee: Windbreaker Extraordinaire.

LISA: He's not even in a prison of his own mind, because he says everything he feels already. He thinks he's *so* with it.

RACHEL: He thinks he is of the mind.

Fireworks

LISA: That man is death! It's the Rockabilly Reaper! It is!

RACHEL: He looks like a weregorilla!

LISA: What's that?

RACHEL: A werewolf, but he's a gorilla.

LISA: Sha Na Na.

Kristeen Young

RACHEL & LISA: [laughter]

RACHEL: We shouldn't pick on people's looks, you know.

LISA: If I was him, I'd wear a scarf all day long.

RACHEL: A scarf wouldn't work.

LISA: I'd wear it like a belly-dancer.



RACHEL: The jaw bones went from here to there. His lip is almost at the end of his chin.
LISA: I bet he gets laid and everything, though.

Flying Saucer Attack

RACHEL: I like him.

LISA: You *do*?!

RACHEL: It's perfect--Flying Saucer Attack, and he's looking up at it.

LISA: He wants you to *think* that.

RACHEL: I do! It's effective. His expression is sort of: "Uh-oh. Hmm. A flying saucer attack."

LISA: So you're saying it's a straight-forward soul.

RACHEL: "Hmmm. Flying saucer. Hm."

LISA: We disagree on Flying Saucer Attack. You find him to be sincere, I find him to have no reason to exist.

RACHEL: I was just saying he's sincere--I don't think he has a reason to exist. But I think it works. I think his expression works

with the name, that's all I'm saying.

LISA: Oh, OK.

Iggy Pop

RACHEL: Ooh, Iggy.

LISA: That is one hot...

"It's 1969, OK. All across the USA." That's such a unifying song--forcing all people into the Now, not the '60s, not almost the '70s...not only that, but it's 69, get it?

RACHEL: Leese, I can feel him!

LISA: Do you feel fire?

RACHEL: Look at that.

LISA: Man oh man.



RACHEL: Mm, hm.

LISA: And you know, now that he's wrinkled and ugly and old, he's still totally attractive.

RACHEL: Oh yes.

LISA: His soul is not positioned all in his forehead--there's some of it in his pants. There really is.

RACHEL: There really is. It hangs

down long and semi-hard and... what's that word?

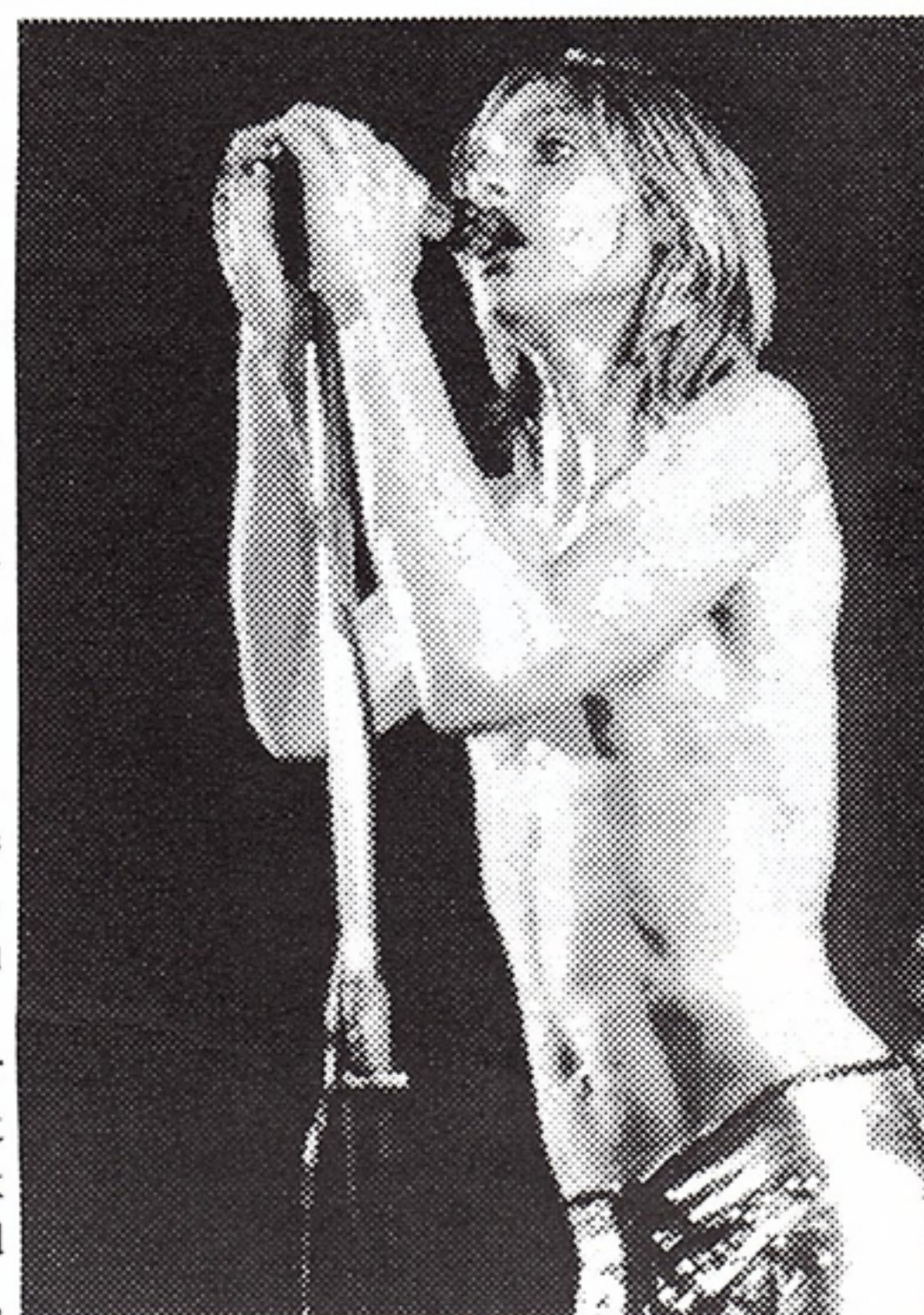
LISA: Tumescant?

RACHEL: Yeah. He epitomizes the word tumescant. He looks like you in this picture.

LISA: A stranger on a cobbled street in Denmark stopped me and said [*thick accent*], "You have Iggy

Pop's eyes." No, it's true! I didn't know what to think, because on the one hand his eyes are penetrating, but on the other--they're froggy!

RACHEL: I have Iggy Pop's hair. I have Iggy Pop's penis-obsession.



Reservoir

LISA: He wears his sunglasses at night. Someone told him he was good looking, but it was a mistake. They didn't mean it, Jud.

RACHEL: He drives a Camaro in Dover with license plates 2HOT4U.

LISA: No, he's too cool to be hot.

RACHEL: Reservoir is a fake body of water. You couldn't make it in the river, pal.

LISA: He drank *milk* growing up.

RACHEL: So did you.

LISA: Well, yeah, but not in the same way.



"It was crucial that this record carry a conceptual thread from start to finish," says Jud Ehrbar, of Reservoir's latest release.

oh, crucial, Jud!

when I saw him he had this orange 'fro-thing--it looked like a giant cheesepuff on top of his head.

RACHEL: That wouldn't bother me in the least. I'm attracted to him.

LISA: He is so upset. He really is.

RACHEL: I know. I wanna work through it a little bit with him. Alec changed your life with his innocent, trusting nature, and now I want Carl to change mine with his uptight, politically correct nature.

Regurgitator

RACHEL: I like the one in the Who t-shirt. If you get him away from the rest of Regurgitator....

LISA: You could roam in a field with him. He might be able to appreciate something.

RACHEL: He's thinking, "No one knows what it's like to be the sad man, to be the bad man, in Regurgitator."

LISA: This guy's thinking, "Enslave me." *the one in the "Enslave Me" shirt*

RACHEL: Woah, look at the arms on him! The forearms are twice as big as the upper arms! It's Popeye. That's gotta be a camera trick!

LISA: No--it comes from struggling with the handcuffs. The

music's not bad. It moves along, it changes, it's very derivative. Originality is not the only thing on earth.

RACHEL I like a good derivative band myself.

LISA: Sometimes the tenth person to do something does it better than the first or the second.*

RACHEL: And these are the tenth. You know one in three women are assaulted in their lifetime?

LISA: So which of these three will be the one to do the assaulting? *CONTINUED*

*RD proofreader Randy Roark comments: "Ezra Pound said there are two kinds of real artists. The first is the explorer--they open up new territory, explore it, a lot of their work is messy because there's no model, they're easily bored, moving on, never perfecting anything. Pound's a good example. Then there are artists--real artists too--who come later and perfect the earlier form, bring it to its highest pitch, and kill it off because everyone later will only be imitating them (Dante and Eliot)."



Atari Teenage Riot

RACHEL: Snap-neck. Broken-neck puppet. I'm not interested in her.

LISA: She's from the Middle East originally.

RACHEL: So is Dado el Fayid, and look what happened to him.

LISA: What happened to him?

RACHEL: He's *dead*. Alec looks like a stuffed sock in this picture. What do they sound like?

LISA: "The time is right for Atari Teenage Riot! Go!" *[guitar noises]*

RACHEL: It is a hardcore band.

LISA: With computers.

RACHEL: Ugh. I don't have anything more to say.

LISA: What? What is wrong with a computer?

RACHEL: Ugh.

LISA: I ask you, what is wrong with it? It's fast. Carl was so beautiful when he had a shaved head, and then



His shirt says ENSLAVE ME

Is he "Pencil" because his head looks like an eraser?

Can you see the tribal tattoo?

RACHEL: That one. Pencil.

LISA: Look how we've turned this neatly around to us being raped. That's all we ever end up talking about.

RACHEL: But I don't want to get raped by Pencil.

LISA: Which one do you want to get raped by?

RACHEL: Tribal Tattoo over here.

LISA: We'd just be pretending to say no to Tribal. But Pencil's the real rapist.

Regurgitator: the rapist and his Asian friends.

RACHEL: Tribal is not Asian!

LISA: What do you think he is--Mexican?

RACHEL: He could be Hispanic, he could be Polish.

LISA: Maybe he's Portuguese. What? Don't look at me like that--he could be Portuguese!

Varnaline

RACHEL: That's the toe-puller from the party last night! No, it's a corpse and his redeeming monk.

LISA: They're traveling down the River Styx.

RACHEL: And he's in Styx. [mournfully] Oh no, the hat...

LISA: Imagine if he looks like that and yet he has a really beautiful soul?

RACHEL: I know...I feel protective of him.

LISA: Anyone who veers that far away from attractive

deserves some protection.

RACHEL: Ohhh.

LISA: But it is kind of his fault. No one made him wear that hat.

RACHEL:

But he thought the hat gave him a "certain something."



22 Brides



The corpse & his redeeming monk ↑
↑ And this one's in Stix!

The following souls are reviewed by Jean-Louis Costes:

22 Brides

Oh, like Siamese twins. Do they have two cunts or one? It's not very soul-y to say, sorry. But it could influence their souls very much. Down in this [lower right] corner--it's not very clear. No, but eh, it's mixed up. They pretend to have two brains but they have just one cunt. It's a mystery, eh? Vicious girls.

Insulated

They want to look like the warriors, bombing Kuwait in an airplane--that's what they want to look like. But in fact they just play some video game--that's why they cut the bottom of the picture, because here is the video game. The



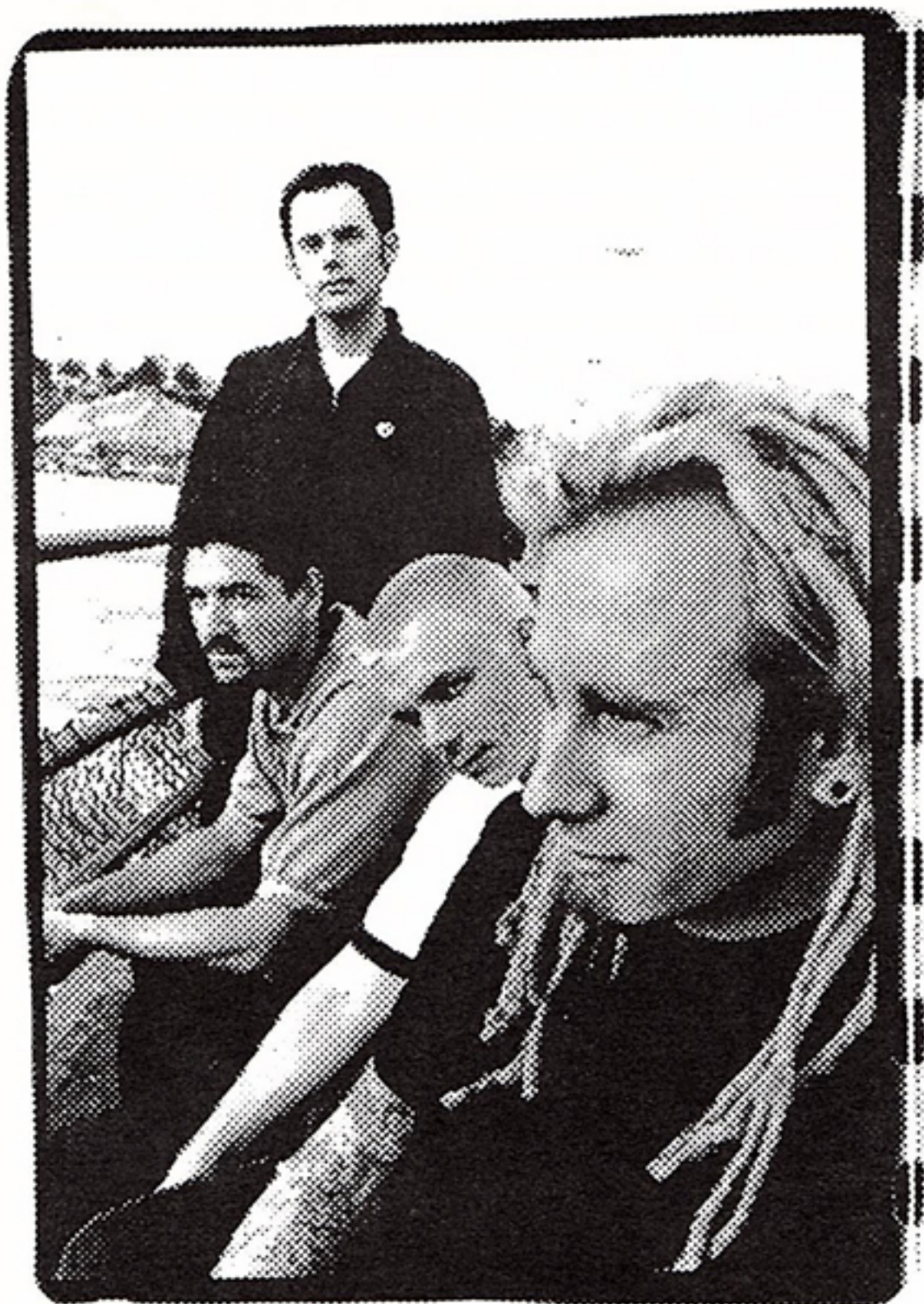
stupid Mario Nintendo. And here's the mom, to the left--that's why they had to cut the picture at the side. "Lunch is ready." The three brothers say, "Oh yes, we come." Insulated--obvious, yes, insulated in the bedroom with the father and the mother.

Man Will Surrender

This looks like my hippy friend in '73. I know this guy, yes. This is a French soul. Sideburns--oh la la, the French sailor. He said, "Wait a second, I put my short-sleeve shirt on so you can get my tattoo in the picture." His expensive tattoo. Every Saturday he goes, he suffers. And this guy wants to be noticed, he's tired to be cut off by Dreadlocks Sailor. But he has no tattoo. He's a fag. He shows his white chicken arm like, "Ooh, no tattoo, I'm a virgin." This is the boss. This one, he says, "He

↑the one standing ↓





poor Snuff band - their heads are just black dots.

← clockwise from top: the intellectual Bostonian guy, the beast, the fag, & the immigrant.

[Dreadlocks Sailor] pretends to be the boss, but you know I'm the boss." He's the clever: a coward, but he plays some cool music on the weekends. But this one, the dumb rock-n-roll guy, they put him in the front to look real. They got him in the street. This one is: "Ugh, ugh." This guy--what he does here? He looks like he should not be in the picture; he's in a bad mood, no? The immigrant, the fag, the beast, and the intellectual Bostonian guy.

the mustachioed one

Snuff

Oh, the band, what to say. But what I don't understand: why they think it is interesting to make a picture of the band? At least this picture, what is good there is this old guy in the picture. So you see the life, like the suburb. A group of friends, they make a band. But about their character, you see nothing. Just, I have an idea of their life: they live in the same neighborhood, they make jokes, they smoke joints, they make a band, and Grandfather doesn't like it.

Hi-Standard

I've seen a bar in Japan, I wanted to eat sushi, and the guys were all Elvis. Guys in Japan pretending to be Elvis. Like 30 Elvises. They were afraid--they moved all at once to the other side of the bar. Japanese, it's very difficult to guess their souls--especially when they have sunglasses.

Gimme Gimmes

They pretend to be relaxed. They hide themselves so much it's hard to guess. It looks there is no boss in this. Normally in these pictures you see hierarchy, but this one: who is who, who is the boss? Maybe they have no souls. Must have no souls. Nothing to say for it. This one is Fat, and these four are the brothers of the Gimme family. They look like these French bands who always make jokes, always in disguise, they say they make music just for fun. I hate them. They think they are funny, but it's dramatic, this picture. It's sad.



Hi-Standard v Fat & The Gimme Brothers



Atari Teenage Gossip

taken from the internet

Did anyone read the *Rollerderby* interview of Alec? What is the interviewer on about? "Oh, Alec, your music is so important and radical and great, oooh! But really what I've been dying to know is what are you like in bed?" That's quality journalism! I mean why put out albums or found DHR if this is the sort of questions you get asked! It was interesting but I was surprised Alec even answered her, to tell you the truth. It started off very promising but went down fast! What does everybody think?!

--Lizza Pendley

Hmmm. Well, when I first heard from my friend Russ that Alec was interviewed in *Rollerderby* I didn't believe it! *Rollerderby* is a pathetic magazine written by a lady named Lisa Carver. She was married to some neo-nazi singer guy (from Germany or something) before so he could get his U.S. citizenship or something. But I suppose it was an alright interview in some parts, and it wasn't just "Riot Sounds Produce Riots" and shit. Hey--for the record, I'm not complaining about reading about what Alec would be like to fuck, and I had a couple male friends who were very happy to find out he is bisexual. By the way, in my ever-so-humble-opinion, that Lisa woman is sorta ugly. One more thing...I've read about 4-6 issues of *Rollerderby*, and this is *by far* the best issue...and the whole sex thing (are you more sexual or more sensual) was a theme throughout the issue--in fact there was an entire article discussing Sensuality vs. Sexuality. And despite what that article says, I'd just like to say, there is *nothing* wrong with being sensual.

--Liz Alexander

And speaking of rock, thanks for the hot tip about ATR. Way fun. At first, I was weirded out by the fact that no one was playing an instrument. I thought I had mistakenly shown up at an aerobics class. But I always get a charge out of bands that sing songs about their own name. When they all started shouting in unison, "Uh--ta--ri--teen--age--ri--ot," I really wanted to do jumping jacks right along with them. Has anyone approached them about doing a work-out video? I can imagine zillions of fat girls flopping around to it on their living-room floors with visions of Mr. Leather Pants dancing (and frowning) in their pretty little heads.

--TR Johnson [*This was a private e-mail to me, but I thought it was funny so I stuck it in here.* --LC]

I think it was the worst interview I've ever read about anyone. It made tabloid journalism look reputable. It sounded like something an over-sexed teenage girl would write in her pathetic self serving little diary. She should go work for *TigerBeat*, she is such a lame mindless groupie. The only reason I could see that Alec answered and didn't bite her head is she is probably attractive and he was horny. If it was an ugly guy asking those questions, Alec might have did like Carl and pull a "Johnny Rotten" (insult the interview under your breath and walk away mumbling about their stupidity).

--Joe Roughley

Normally I don't like interviews, but 'cause everybody keeps talking about this particular one I finally read it (thanx Liz). You can read they are lying too. I quote:

LISA: Do you do drugs ?

ALEC: Never tried anything. Not even alcohol.

Last week I read somebody's report here he's an addict. And when I saw ATR in Belgium (11 Oct.) you could definately see Alec was either drunk or drug-addict. He didn't look quite normal to me from the first row. For the rest I think the interview sucks a lot. I don't like such nonsense to read in a magazine, so I'm glad I didn't buy it.

--Kristof Joosen [*I had a dream that Kristof Joosen is a booty-sniffer. It was a really vivid dream, and I read somewhere that someone else had that dream too, so it's obvious that Kristof's lying when he denies his booty-doings.* --LC]

I liked the interview. I know about Alec's music. I know why he makes it. I know how he makes it. I know the history of it. I know basicly everything he's ever said about it. What I don't know about is Alec himself. His real personality. His mindset offstage. His sexuality. His...knife wounds. I thought that it was a good interview because it introduced Alec as a flirtatious bisexual horny guy. It was very obvious that he was flirting with her throughout the whole interview. I'd like to read more low-tech interviews like this, and less standard questions that everyone else seems to ask.

--ryu

Actually, I was referring to her ex-husband Costes. Go to: <http://costes.org>. They were married in '88 in Philadelphia. He's a piece of horny nazi shit...his lyrics, his site, and his interviews prove it. Here is something taken from one of his songs that pretty much sums him up: "Us we rob, we rape, we kill; we use the world until we die, we use our body until we die, we don't care, we don't pity; we are not christian middle-class equalling hidden rotten ugly jews! We don't live for money and gossips; we do what we think is right, and what is right, right now, it's to kill those fucking jap slugs, those new jews, those yellow jews eating the world day after day and we are going to crush those slugs just like this, very easy to do." The above (as well as other pathetic neo-nazi shit-lyrics) can be found in the article directly after the ATR interview in *Rollerderby*. The only reason I know about the *Rollerderby*/Nazi connection is because *Rollerderby* showed up on a nazi book/Magazine/CD/movie list that I was looking through in my favorite video store (which happens to specialize in gay film...but they have the best independant film selection I've ever seen).

--Liz Alexander

Actually, Lisa was married to one Boyd Rice (from Colorado) who had one of the first "true" industrial bands--NON--amazing sounscape/extreme noise stuff; much like Shizuo w/ no beat. NON's "Blood and Fire " would be well suited to the ears of anyone on this list who likes the more noisy (as opposed to beat

aspects of the whole DHR gestalt. Lisa furthermore is AKA Lisa Suckdog founder of the (semi)legendary band Suckdog in the 80's. Their debut *Drugs Are Nice* is still a classic and if you find one, DEFINITELY pick it up 'cause you'll be on it like flies on shit, kiddies. I remember one Suckdog show that still makes me laugh.

San Francisco in 89 and I'm walking down Lower Haight street when this BIG ugly french (ugh) guy starts accosting me. "You like to see a live nude girl?? Only 25 cents!!!!" His caustic delivery was not to be believed and he smelled real bad like feces and piss. "C'mon!! Only 25 cents!!! She's hot!!!" Boggled, (and having been up on REALLY GOOD CRYSTAL METH FOR ABOUT SIX DAYS) I follow him back into this dimly lit room. He takes my quarter and I'm passed by a financial district type exec who brushes past me looking sick and avoiding my gaze. Now my curiosity is really piqued. The bad smelling Frenchman faces me up against a door w/ a slot in it. "Hey!! Enjoy yourself!!!" I'm catching a whiff of something real bad in the air. The slot in door finally is pulled aside and there she is.....beautiful,

redheaded, naked and SHUDDERING IN THE CORNER WITH BLOOD FLOWING OUT BETWEEN HER MILKY WHITE THIGHS COVERED IN SHIT AND SOBBING UNCONTROLLABLY. Her cries were hideous and she started flinging shit at the hole. This is what a typical Suckdog show was like. (Not to mention the one a year later in Santa Cruz where Lisa came out to a "band" playing tapes of the most horrendous shit I've ever heard--and that's counting Merzbow and G.G. Allin et al--totally naked, smashed some guy in the head w/a beer bottle after he tried to grope her and then crawled on my virgin friend Craig and rode him til he came in his pants--and trust me, he was NOT happy.) But ya know what, I totally admire her interview style, and I thought the AE interview was a hell of a lot more informative and entertaining than all that Riot sounds etc. crap Alec keeps spouting 'cause who wants to hear the same old shit in interview after interview. But she's really turned into a trendy bandwagon-jumping misanthropist as of late.....

--Johhny Victory

Lisa here. I love the internet. Every single detail is wrong--I never shat on stage, I never had red hair, I never married Boyd, etc.--but I guess the overall feel is true: I am a little gross. And it's such a relief to finally get called ugly. Like everyone else, I have no idea what I look like. Like everyone, I wonder if I'm actually ugly and no one ever told me, and now someone finally did, and there was no explosion in the city, I didn't turn to dust--nothing changed. I feel so much better.

I've been called stupid and slutty throughout my entire career (in fact, before I even had a career!). Yeah, I'm obsessed with sex, but not with the sex part of sex, though I like that too. Sex is this framework through which you can get the truth of the person's flow of life. It's probably impossible not to bullshit when you're talking about politics or philosophy or feminism or morals--or even music, since expression is always cultural and political. But sex is so alluring and shy and has such a different system of thought than the rest of life, that it's almost impossible to not reveal your nature within the context of trying to explain your relationship to sex. It's not the sex people are

having that I really, really care about: it's the people having the sex.

Sex is a language. You can't say these words out loud because they don't exist, and yet you need to communicate, you'll die if you don't (that's the drive to sex). The past is pushing

through you to the future, there's a language between the sun and the cold and a feeling coming out of you, there's language between a girl 2,000 years ago licking a rain drop off a leaf and you doing the same now, maybe even standing in the same spot, craning your neck at the same angle. The only time you can speak this language with another real, living human being is when you're having sex. You feel a star protruding through their stomach into yours, or water eroding your four legs. You're entered, you're entering, you're nothing. Everyday language is all about things ending, getting something done before the time to do it ends. Sex language is about what is neverending. What I've tried for the last ten years is to translate from sex language to the regular life spoken language. I haven't succeeded, but it's been really interesting.

I didn't know Alec was a rock star when we met--it was after the interview that hordes of young people chanted their name, and I was surprised. He was just this person standing in the room, looking at me, and I was looking at him, and it was just...that's all. It had nothing to do with anything. He looked strange to me at first, even--his neck, jaw and nose looked...well, foreign. And I don't wanna talk about his personal letters or anything, but I'm sure it was not that I was so good-looking or he was "horny" (ugh) that interested him. His fans ascribe him shallow motives! Flirting with a dumb Nazi just because she's cute and there? But no--it was a phenomenon, like a storm with unnatural colors. It had very little to do with us. It started long before we were born and it passed through us. It's in other people now, moving through them like a threaded needle pierces the popcorn and cranberries. But my goodness, I remember when it was sticking me! The animal in me sniffed the animal in him and hurled itself against the wall of my skin, snarling and whining: it had to get out of me and into him. (It's true! It was like that, exactly! I thought I was about to break a rib.) That only happens every three or four years--and thank goodness it's not more often, because it's completely overwhelming. I should get a medal for even getting through the interview at all.

The fact that I so should have slept with him, and didn't, created this very unnatural situation inside me, where all the sexual energy turned into thoughts--like, way too energetic thoughts. Do you know what I mean? I don't mean daydreams of love, I mean philosophy. It was like pouring a flood through a tiny funnel--it was a bit of a problem for me. I don't know why I didn't sleep with Alec (I mean, if the offer was there). I got the idea, right before I met him, that I wouldn't have sex again until my wedding night. It wasn't a moral or religious idea, and I have no desire to become virginal again (it was bad enough the first time)--it was just this little girl dream that captured me, without my permission. It doesn't make any sense. I'd like to change my mind, if I could. I don't have anything against promiscuity--in fact, the reverse is true. The desire to seduce is the desire to join life. There is something cynical and un-innocent in the person able to not succumb. The "intelligent woman" (non-whore)



Do you have something in your eye? Oh, it's a piece of fire! Ow, doesn't that hurt?

shouldn't trust first impressions or her inclinations, and she doesn't. There is something so sad in that.

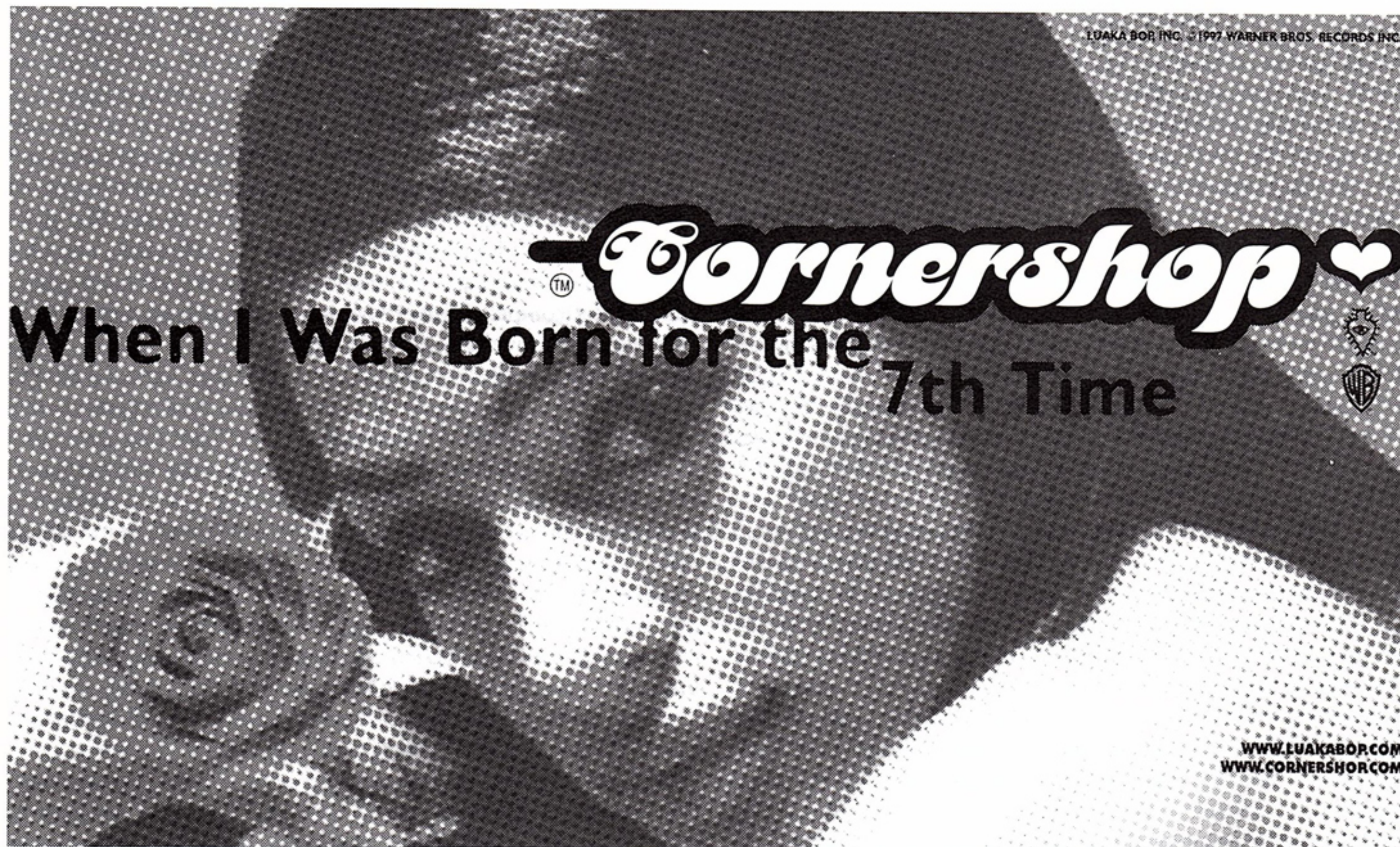
When the Sneaker Pimps girl sings, "I'm open to falling from grace," she is appealing to men to sully what's virginal in her. (And to women too, I guess, because I get some longings to go sully that little tramp every time I hear the song.) Anyway--she leaves it up to someone else to arrange her falling. Ms. Pimps turns out to be the feisty but ultimately helpless Harlequin heroine. Fiona Apple's "Criminal," where she's been having tons of kinky sex and now "I need to be redeemed," is the opposite situation from "Falling From Grace," but not so different really. It still supposes there needs to be something virginal about the woman: Fiona is asking the doctor to help her regrow a hymen. Men are not concerned about their own innocence or lack thereof. They're concerned with what they're doing, not whether it's the first time or the 50th, and if they want to fall, they do--they don't ask anyone to give them a push. There's a few women who are so full of the force of life, they don't ever need a push. They're not delicate, and they're feared and rebuked for it by groups of women behind their back. (I'm thinking about Kate here.)

The loose woman is intricately woven with life: guilt, confusion, and thrill make up her day, she follows the overwhelming need to scramble away, and the need to merge again; she embarrasses herself, she breaks hearts--especially her own. I see her as literally loose, like worn-down fabric with threads very easily broken: life whips through her holes. She's not tight, she's not compact. Her body--shiny with wear, soft, knowing--offers little resistance. She doesn't respect boundaries. Chaos and pain surge in her wake. Chaos and pain are the two great teachers, provided a period of quiet introspection follows. And when the promiscuous woman is done with you, you can be sure there's going to be plenty of quiet--her absence makes even a

noisy room sound low. She is ridiculous and missed.

Sometimes I see someone on the street, or think about someone, and it makes me want to throw myself face down on the sidewalk, even if there's spilled oil or ice cream there--because I can't believe this amount of attraction could exist. That I don't act on that attraction anymore does not mean I'm a better person now. I'm just different. [Actually, I'm being shy in what I reveal here. I know a lot of why I don't let myself get swayed so wildly by desires now: it's because my consequences are no longer all mine--they belong to my son, too.] I feel like I'm floating in space. Thrusts in sex are staples pinning me to the earth, to the place where people are. I weigh 120 pounds, so I need a lot, a lot of staples to hold me down. What am I doing up here?

"I'm in favor of fights and rough sex. I'm in favor of something happening. Anything happening. I'm in favor of getting destroyed, and rising like a phoenix from the ashes of what one was. The truth is arrived at by throttling what we are told is real, and then, when it's all over, whatever's left standing--that's what true. If what we believe can't last through a verbal or physical thrashing, then it wasn't much, was it? Good riddance to bad medicine." I wrote that 12 months ago, and now I don't believe it anymore. I believe it still, just not for me now. You move at different speeds at different times. Sometimes you're pursuing your destiny, and you move like lightning, seeing nothing to either side of you, hurling *through* people who somehow land in your path (now that's a good description of good sex, if I do say so myself), and sometimes you have to wait for your destiny to catch up to you, and there is no path, and you're very, very still, and you see every blade of grass, brown and yellow and green; you lift your palm off the ground and it's burning--tiny indentations from where it was pressing against the gravel. The sun is warm. You're waiting.



Death

by LCC

I think the only resident of Dover to get out-of-town visitors is me. Lisa Covelli and her friend Karen come from Ohio and say "Paaawp!" instead of "pop" (for soda). After hearing about their friends, I think everyone in Ohio is insane. Like these two guys they know who had the goal in life of getting up to 300 pounds and riding motor scooters. So they just ate and lifted weights. Then they got all these new, 300-pound friends and dropped all their old friends. If I go to Ohio, I wonder if I'll see packs of them motorscooting the streets.

The night Lisa and Karen arrived was a magical night. Warm and sticky, and everything seemed funny and significant. I took them to Portsmouth to eat sushi, which they had never had before. I told them the purpose is to use enough wasabi to make tears fall out of your eyes. They believed me. I also got them to eat eel, which thoroughly disgusted them. We went somewhere else for dessert--the lemoniest cake you ever had, and four-layer chocolate cake, each layer thicker and darker. This guy was staring at us and not blinking. We wondered if he was Dutch. Then we thought he might be insane. We looped the square, then went back to buy ice cream cones. The insane Dutchman was still there staring at us! He held up a book and pretended to read it, peering stealthily over the top. It was *Dancing Queen*! "You're reading my book!" I yelled, and ran over to investigate. His name is James, he's 22, asthmatic, of Scotch-Irish and Scandinavian descent. Everyone I ever meet is part-Irish! How come I hardly ever meet people of Cambodian or Spanish extraction? Irish people must just impregnate and emigrate *constantly*. Like how it's mandatory in Germany to serve two years in the army, maybe it's the unwritten law in Ireland to go have sex with ovulating people in another land when you turn 18. James is also a good listener, which is frightening if you really think about it. Because a listener will weigh what you say...so you best not say something really big and long that ends up weighing only two ounces! There's all these quotes about how wise people don't talk much. I'm a talker. Wisdom is real hit or miss with me.

It was late after we played pool, but no one wanted to sleep, so we drove to the beach. Went into the water up to our waists even though it was freezing and we were clothed. I fell in, of course. I'm always falling in. I bet I do it on purpose. Everyone displayed their own area of expertise in gymnastics on the wet sand: Karen did backflips, wild and floppy; I did eight cartwheels in a row; James walked on his hands; Lisa just stood there smoking and laughing at us. It was pitch black, and everyone else on the beach was making out. We bought fried bread dough and coca colas, and that seemed like this rare, wonderful thing to do. As did being sandy and salty and wet inside our clothes in the car. I couldn't see anyone's face, and the night felt like a memory unfolding in a future I didn't understand. My mother was dying.

If you're around a crazy person enough, you go into their story. Even if you always refute the story, you're existing within its parameters. My mother's body was half in death, like quicksand. She was going down, but she could still see what she was going down from--us, life. She had become crazy from the morphine, from the cancer when it reached her brain, and from starvation when the cancer in her stomach grew so large absorption of food became impossible. I didn't want my mother

to be all alone, cut off from us, the living people, like an astronaut with not enough fuel to make it home. So I tried to go down in the story with her, whatever her story was each day. She would say, "Take a Saturday-afternoon-size picture of that door...uh-oh, here he comes...HIM." I would take a Saturday-afternoon-size picture with a pretend camera. "Not like that! With your eye! Your eye! Now let me see your eye!" I'd let her huge, accusing eyes in that withered face penetrate mine. I was sure they would find evil in there. They looked like evil-finding eyes. Instead, she said that I had done it--I had taken the picture of the door as she wanted. She felt understood.

And then I would go out, and the story I had been living in would disintegrate in the sun and the air. You swim in death like you swim in a dream, breathing liquid instead of air, and as soon as you wake up--or get a certain number of miles away from the dying person--you forget. It seems impossible that you could ever have breathed that way, and you don't believe that you did. Every time a person dies, the people who survive have this special link. You see the healthy people, the people with not even one toe in death, you see their unbroken, un-oozing skin, and you want to touch it all. Just walking down the street feels like an adventure. You know you only eat so many more ice cream cones and then it's over--no more ice cream. Death is eternal and you are transitory but you're at your peak and he can't do a thing about it. You soar in triumph.

Life

← a freezing, windy, thick snowstorm usually kills a couple old people

The nor'easter is a great equalizer. People walking are no longer attractive or not attractive--they're just snowmen arm in arm, some a little taller than others. And inside heated homes, kissable lips and bedroom eyes are something from another world--in a snowstorm, what people mainly are is not frozen to death. They're enthroned in the gilded castle of hot chocolate, electric blankets and humidifiers. This makes one want to have sex with them. They're evolved. They're surviving. Snowstorms make you feel how close we are to starvation and exposure: it's a sexy feeling. This reminds me of this woman singing last night at synagogue: a monstrously ugly woman: swollen, masculine, physically unprepared for life--but this *sound* was coming out of her.... It wrapped itself around my body in ribbons of pure beauty, she lulled us all; she was transformed. I mean, she looked good! That melody is thousands of years old. There are more dead people than there are living ones; the bodies just pile up. That melody has outlived all deaths. It entered the ugly woman and raised her up, and in giving it to us, she was given life. The only way to escape death is to fill it up with life. If there's no melody ringing within your heart--a melody sung by the stars and wind and rain, all the things that have outlived death--then you're like the dead things: the sound in your heart is the sound of dead things.

Fate

I take all out-of-towners to bingo. I make 'em drink super-size sodas to rev up. They cross the parking lot to the bingo hall laughing, feeling ironic. They're deconstructionist urban geniuses checking out the hicks' idea of fun. By the second game, they're so caught up they've forgotten what the joke was. They're bingo-

players now. They're developing their "method." Soon they come to realize this is not the least bit fun. No one is having fun. This is dead serious.

It's 500 old people and us--all deathly silent, all smoking. One time I thought I had bingo and almost yelled--I just made a noise in my throat, no yell, but that was bad enough. When it was discovered that I did not in fact have bingo, half-a-thousand old people were mad at me. The hall rumbled.

One time someone talked to us--a 70-year-old emphysema man. He said he'd been playing bingo every night for 20 years except for when there was black ice. (Rachel thought he said "black guys.") That's seven nights a week! That's 7,200 times! At \$20 a night! I told Melissa Jasper to X out her free squares, and he told her not to: "Do you do everything she tells you to do?" Melissa said, "Yes--but luckily I don't see her that much, so I don't have to do too much." He chuckled in his phlegmy way. That's the only conversation I remember ever occurring.

Bingo people are fetishistic, with their special bingo bag with multi-colored dobbers (their shrines), triangularly folded and taped instructions paper, and special thing to bring luck--often a feather roach clip (???). Lisa Covelli ran out to my car to get our own totems. She picked a popsicle stick for me, a wrapper for Karen, and a black, petrified banana peel for herself. You could feel the luck flowing through them. Karen and I smoked cigarettes even though we don't smoke. We couldn't stop giggling and gritting our teeth. This one table kept winning, and Lisa got madder and madder. She wanted to start a riot. Then bingo depression hit us. It's this mysterious thing that hits you around the seventh game, no matter who you are or where you come from. Your eyes glaze over and you can't follow the numbers and you feel very, very bad. Lisa and I went to the bathroom and for some reason everything seemed funny in there. We were blowing our skirts up with the hand-dryer. When we came out this thousand-year-old woman broke the total silence to sneer, "You girls had fun in there." It was probably the first thing she'd said in 20 years. She meant something bad. We drove home feeling awful and angry, and went right to sleep. You cling to your petrified banana peel, and still you lose.



I was trying really hard to not put any pictures of me in this issue, but I always like to see someone smiling when talking about death.

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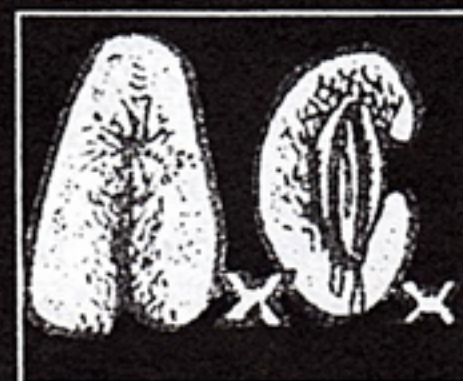
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What Does An Orgasm Feel Like?

MATT JASPER: It feels like my being is concentrating into--

LISA: Now don't lie.

MATT: No, this is really what it feels like. It feels like my body is sort of turning into TV static, and then that static is gathering into my groin, and then it's sort of like this living blob of energy that goes out into...the other. It feels like it's a spark, somewhat alive I guess.

LISA: How long does it last?

MATT: It's just a foreshadowing and then an instant and then it's gone.

LISA: Is it worth it? Do you wonder, "I can't believe I worked so hard for that one second?"

MATT: It's always worth it. Even the most miserable, loathsome orgasm is worth it.

LISA: Mae West said an orgasm a day keeps the doctor away.

MATT: Probably. Like having good dreams takes you outside of normal experience.

LISA: What are you talking about?

MATT: Well, it's a culmination of experience.

LISA: Well, it gets rid of stress. How can you tell the difference between pleasure and pain? They're both totally unlike anything else and blot everything else out.

MATT: Well, it is almost involuntary.

LISA: The only times I can ever stop thinking are when I burn myself or have an orgasm.

MATT: There are chemicals given off during pain and orgasm to make you more forgetful. I read a paper on it. I forget why it does it.

LISA: Sometimes I try to think all the way through and I try to memorize my thought processes. What happens is, at the very end, I go into this strange logic that doesn't make sense when I remember it later. And this is what happens in dreams.

MATT: What logic?

LISA: Well, I'll be going along thinking with normal logic, and I'll say, "Now what is this exactly? What can I bring back with me to describe what this strange pleasure feels like, so I'll remember?" And then it'll switch, and I'll say, "Coil! It's the coil!" And that makes perfect sense to me then, but I bring it back with me--to non-orgasm land--and I think, "Well, what

does *that* mean?"

MATT: I guess I do remember certain things from certain orgasms, but not for very long. It seems like during the experience, one feels like an oil derrick or--

LISA: Or laundry hanging out.

MATT: Or completing a circuit.

LISA: You know, many people don't have these little anthropomorphic hallucinations?

MATT: I think most people forget them. There's the chemical given off that makes them forget it, and they don't want to remember. I think the more sacred something is, the more silent it is. That's why people forget dreams.

LISA: That's beautiful. But I'm a relentless, terrible analyzer. Nothing is safe from me. Do orgasms remind you of falling asleep, in that there's this point where you just give up?

MATT: Yes--it's when you join with some larger thing. And that's what orgasm is meant for: for life to continue, and to transmit your pattern into something else.

LISA: People would say it's pleasurable, of course, but I have my doubts.

SETH SANDERS: Since your body is wired with pleasure and pain receptors as well as heat, pressure, etc. ones, saying it feels like pleasure is quite literally like saying it feels like feeling: that's what it's *made* out of. To describe it as a localized loss of physicality is probably too nerdy... what I mean is that...well, it's like borrowing a phantom limb for a few seconds.

LISA: Like going up in smoke?

SETH: Not quite: the orgasm feels like it's taking place almost, but not quite outside your body.

KRISTIN YOUNG: Like someone squeezing almost all of the breath out of you and then throwing you off a tall building.

MATT AT VIRGIN RECORDS: Like a pleasant punch in the stomach.

DAVID COTNER: I can't taste anything and I can't hear anything. I black out for a second.

LISA: That's what it's not. What is it is?

DAVID: I told you what it is.

LISA: You told me what it isn't.

DAVID: That is what it is.

LISA: So you're saying that what it is is: isn't?

DAVID: Exactly.

STELLA SHEARS: The only physical sensation that I can pinpoint before I fall into the void is that I get a burning/tingling sensation in the clitoris. I also feel the sensation in the top of my head and somewhere in my feet. Once it begins my entire body is instantly washed over by a wave of mind-numbing bliss and I can't tell what is going on. It's an infinite implosion. It's hard to tell where you are or where you're going, and you don't really give a fuck anyway. I also really like the feeling of the vagina throbbing afterwards. The whole experience is very difficult to explain because I lose all logical thought process during an orgasm, but at the end all I can think is, "Thank-you sir. May I have another?"

On another note, the last time I had sex I noticed that my partner and I both had a sort of angry expression on our faces right before we climaxed. From my observation, this is a fairly common occurrence. I think that it's because everyone wants and needs orgasms so badly, and they are so great that you can't help but resent them a little. Especially just before you have one. You can feel it coming on and you've worked so hard to get there that you don't want that little fucker to escape your grasp.

JESSICA HUNDLEY: A droplet of water hitting the surface of the lake--each ring that pulsates out is the throbbing of it.

LISA: So it's not a real violent experience for you.

JESSICA: No.

LISA: Some people cry out; their body is wracked.

JESSICA: It depends. I cry out when I'm not orgasming but it feels, you know, deep. There's this place way inside that if it gets hit, it hits some emotional center in me and I cry. I cry and laugh at the same time hysterically.

GENEVIEVE FIELD: I used to be scared of them, I didn't want to have them. Fear of losing control.

LISA: Even when you were alone?
 GENEVIEVE: Yeah, definitely.
 LISA: Wow, you *are* uptight!
 GENEVIEVE: I know! I'm better now, though. I guess they feel like a relief. For me, there's no waterfalls or tide pools--none of that stuff.

MIKE SNIDER: It's the best thing in the whole world. I get this tremendous influx of power.

LISA: Where is the power exactly?

MIKE: Where do you *think* it is?

LISA: Well, I mean, besides *there*.

MIKE: My brain, my taste buds, a little in my stomach. I wind up laughing quite a bit.

LISA: How do people feel about that?

MIKE: Annoyed. My laugh is despicable.

ROB'T NEDELKOF: I think it definitely has something to do with the wind. Since I've moved from the West Coast to Maryland, I no longer have the sensation during orgasm of the hairs on my arms and legs rising up and tingling.

MIKE: The third most sensuous weather in the world would be anywhere along Highway One.

ROB'T: At the height of orgasm, I would picture a pretty girl with a psychedelic halo around her.

PETER LANDAU: Your whole body contracting and going nuts, you feel like you're gonna pass out. Your eyes roll up in the back of your head--it's good! The first time I ever ejaculated, it was like a tickle in my penis, a shock that ran up it, and then like my body was shooting out the shaft. It was really unbelievable. Then I felt guilty.

KATE FALLON-LANDAU: A not-unpleasant anxiety. And even though the anxiety is not unpleasant, you got to get rid of it, and it goes VROOM!

Pressure. It's a release of pressure. It's the only thing where you create the pressure to release it.

JOHN ENTOX: It's like a train runs over your toes but you don't feel anything. You thought the train just passed you by, then you look down and you have no toes.

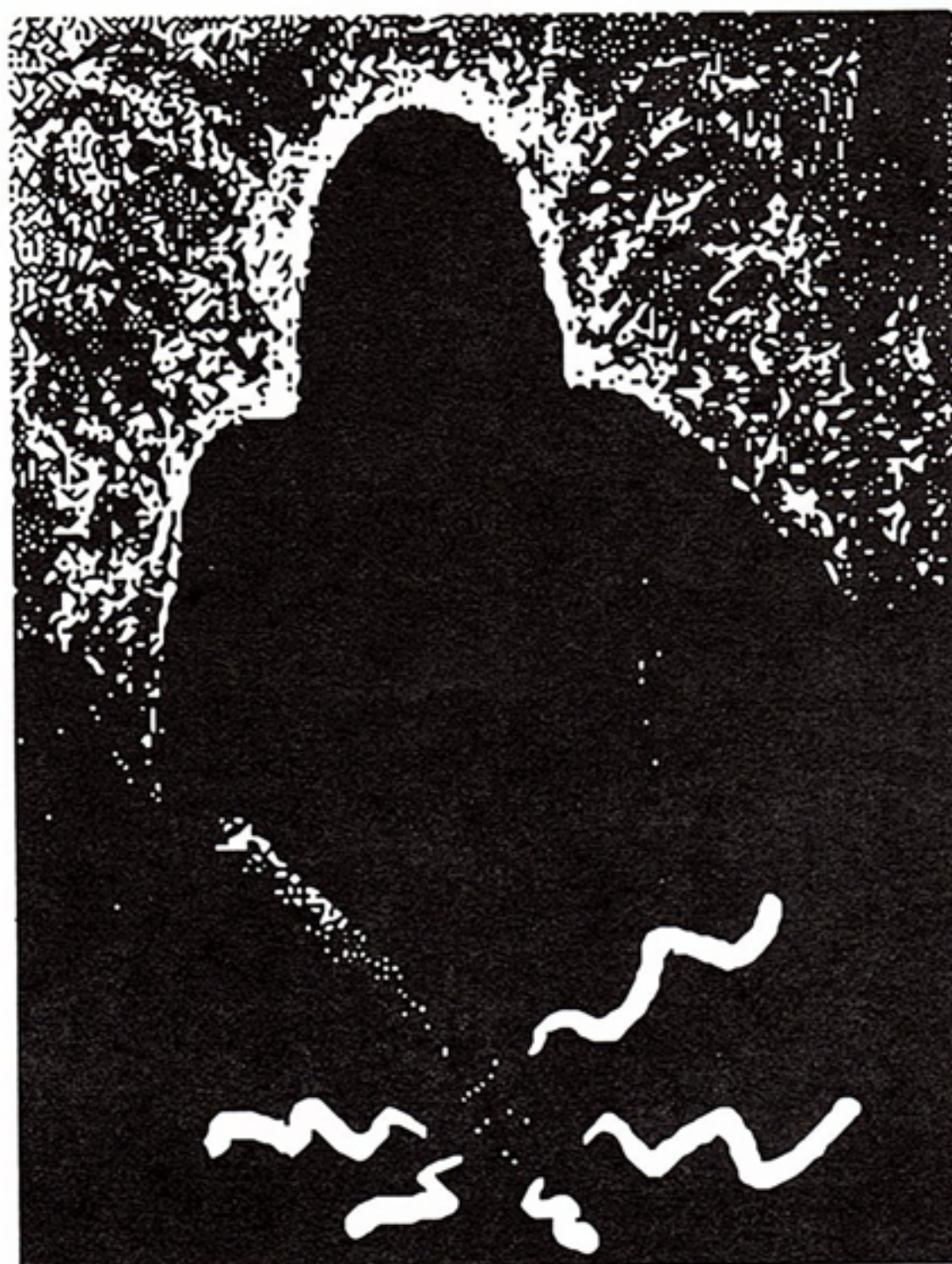
RACHEL JOHNSON: I totally cry. I sob. Shuddering.

LISA: Are the men pleased with

themselves when you cry?

RACHEL: No, not at all. It makes them very tender towards me.

LISA: Really? I'd be beating my chest, victorious.



Marlo & her Hitatchi. It's too bad the picture didn't come out, because she's pretty, but this way is probably a more accurate presentation of the orgasm.

HANIN ELIAS: I never told anyone how it feels, I just say, "I had an orgasm." Hm. Muscles contracting, a heat, like something sparkling inside. At this moment, I just feel. It changes the older you get: more intense. You learn more to relax and let it flow. You're not like, "Oops, sorry--tee hee--I orgasmed." You're more like, "Okaaaaaay." How is your [laughs] orgasm?

LISA: Like being awake in your unawake land.

HANIN: Yeah, maybe. It's unreal--that's what's so good about it. So you make interviews about orgasms, and this is your job?

LISA: Uh...yeah, I guess so.

DR. VAGINAL CREME DAVIS: As a proponent of the new movement neo-conservative chic, I don't have orgasms anymore. I don't have sex unless it's with exclusivity and commitment. That means a ring. And a white picket fence.

LISA: You really want to be married?

VAG: Oh yes. I want a hot husband. I want a husband darling, yes indeed. I need one. Yes, chile. Preferably rich.

LISA: I enjoyed your German tour diary. It was very informative.

VAG: Don't you love the Germans? Fortified penis, darling. Though it can sometimes decimate you. Val Vuske with a pittance and a bucket.

LISA: What?

VAG: I'm speaking olde english, honey. Sometimes I start channeling the old English lady in me.

LISA: Would you rather marry a European or an American?

VAG: I think a European.

LISA: Me too--that way you learn another language.

VAG: Can you set me up? I'll even settle for an American if he's functional. I don't want any of those Sigmund Sea Monster tendrils sticking out of their head. None of those tired modern primitives. Just a nice, conservative man in chinos.

LISA: I like chinos too. What if we fall in love with the same man?

VAG: We'll share. We'll cut him in two and put him in formaldehyde. You can have the bottom half, I'll take the top. We could trade sometimes. We could dress him up. That could be sweet. Yes, I think that would be a hot idea.

LISA: Ooh, I gotta go--my kid's stuck in the dresser.

VAG: I want that too--a couple of kidlets. But not until we've been married three years.

A. McCOY: I've experimented with this, actually. Whatever I'm thinking about when it happens is the most beautiful, incredible thing ever in the whole wide world. But I don't know what it is I'm thinking. It's abstract. An overwhelming feeling of...liking it.

When I'm masturbating, I usually clamp my legs really tight when I come. I tense up like a statue, very still. With Dave, it's always different, but I usually buck a lot. I writhe and buck. I'm all over the place. If I'm extremely turned on, I'll pinch my nipples very hard, or play with my hair and his.

LISA: What about with that girl?

A.: It was really very much like the very first time *ever* having an orgasm. Except it was kind of little for me, because I took on the dominant role, I was organizing. I was really more interested in her. But for her it was big! She was writhing and totally loud. She was great--she arched her back and she had long brown hair and she

was wonderful. She sort of looked like me, so it was like watching myself have an orgasm. She smelled and tasted a lot like me.

DONNA KLEMM: The orgasm feels like Katherine Mansfield pudding (3 oranges, 3 eggs, 1 cup of water, 1/2 cup of sugar and Knox gelatine). It looks pale-pink, yellow, blue and sometimes violet.

JIM HILDRETH: You know, asking questions like this is what got Wilhelm Reich thrown out of the Psychoanalysis Clique! Orgasms are proto-experiences, like sun beating on your face, or puking. In psychological lingo this is "state-dependent memory." An obvious analogy for me is whenever I do heavy hallucinogens (biyearly these days) I realize, "Oh yeah, this is what it was like last time but I forgot." [And then I forget again.] More specifically: hot liquid surges through the urethra, the membrane lining the tube screams but I hear the scream as glorious pleasure, radiating from my groin like roots from a tree. I think orgasm is good proof that the mind is not necessarily located in the brain. It's not like I am looking down with my mind's eyes at the events of my groin, I am THERE!

VICKY WHEELER: Like that feeling right as you fall asleep or falling off a cliff or down a well and then you're awake--it feels remarkably like that, except times a million. I have my eyes open but I don't see anything. There's a rush of air coming out of my mouth. My back bends and my head throws back--it's completely involuntary--and then my whole body goes into spasms. When it actually comes over me, my brain completely lets go. I don't think anything...but I wonder if I can take it, like, "How much more can I endure?" At the same time, I'm trying to prolong it.

LISA: Jessica Hundley told me hers last 45 to 60 seconds! I think I'd go into cardiac arrest and die if mine lasted that long. Or go insane and never return.

VICKY: I'm sure they seem longer than they are, like dreams seem longer than they are. But if I could measure them in wave lengths, I'd say 20 or 25 waves, so maybe 20 or 25 seconds. But time seems suspended.

LISA: I can't stop thinking about being trapped in orgasm-land forever! That would be a true exile. I'd be separated from everything I knew and understood.

VICKY: It would be like being in a car crash or being scared and chased by a maniac...*forever*.

AMY KELLNER: I often think of Robin Quivers, not on purpose really but just because of the word "quiver," because that's the only time I ever really *quiver*, you know? So Robin Quivers has become sort of a symbol of coming for me. In terms of things I visualize, I'll be totally honest, it's usually abstract images of thrusting, like little hole, big object, i.e., fist or an umbrella. Is that weird?

LISA: Penetration, eh? You *do* want the man-thing. Admit it!

AMY: Penetration does *not* equal man-thing! Why do you taunt me so?

LISA: Because I recognize your need. Taunts are the closest a non-having-hetero-sex person can get to it...to, you know, thrusts.

AMY: You don't know how seriously I take your jabs! Today I told my shrink all about it and how lately I've been hanging out with mostly boys and how I maybe flirt with boys unintentionally and is that bad? She said maybe I feel more comfortable with boys because there's no threat, like because I don't care what they think of me as opposed to girls where there's some tension. And maybe it all stems back to my dad and how he's much nicer than my mom and I like him better so I identify and feel more comfortable with him...so there!

LISA: Your shrink is insane.* But back to orgasms...

AMY: Actually, the only "real" scenario I ever fantasize is of fags. I think fags are just the cutest, and I tend to picture homos

that I know doing it, but not with me! That would just be wrong. I picture like, gay friends of mine going at it and afterwards I usually feel real guilty because I mean, I just came thinking about friend X doing it with friend Y and I think, "Oh no, what if they ever found out, I would be so embarrassed!" Because it's not like I wanna get with them, it just turns me on thinking about them doing it. I guess I might like to watch. But oh! that makes me feel so pervy. Is that what you wanted to know? Seriously Lisa, I don't know why I tell you these things that I never tell anyone! I guess I feel like you won't judge me.

DEVON CHRISTENSON: Neurochemical firing occurs--synaptic passages are opened and they tell the brain to release certain chemicals related to the endorphin family. It's similar to doing cocaine. I think it's like being born and dying at the same time. You lose control. It's a rapture. You can train yourself through meditation to reach ecstatic union, divine union. Orgasm is a way to experience that physically--it's a shortcut. Orgasm is the lazy man's way to God.

*Cleopatra II's husband died, so she married his brother, who then murdered her son (his nephew), then raped her daughter, Cleo III, and *then* took *her* as his wife. *Then* he killed the son he'd had with Cleo II, cut his body up into small pieces, and sent them in a box to his mother. Did Cleo II go insane? No! She induced Demetrios II (who I think was Cleo III's second husband) to attack Egypt! If someone sent my son to me all cut up in a box, I don't know if I'd have the wits to induce anyone to pass me the salt shaker, much less to wage war! You can see how much the age of psychiatry has softened us up. So anyway--Cleo III then had her husband and son killed, and while attempting to kill her second son with poison, was forced to swallow the deadly brew herself. Meanwhile, Cleo II got back together with the guy who'd cut her son up, and he impregnated her. That's how the Cleopatra we know and love was born.

seventh house films

is doing a documentary on the life and times of **Lisa Crystal Carver**. I am looking specifically for: Nick Zedd, members from Psycodrama, Lydia Lunch, Eliot Cantsin, Debbey Puff, Moon, Katrina, and devoted fans of Rollerderby and Suckdog. Please write to R. Sernasie at: 482 West 18th Avenue, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, V5Y 2B1. Please keep responses brief and no letters after MARCH 15, 1998. I will be contacting those I anticipate interviewing for the film.

Shizuo

LISA: I ask you your first question: can you shake what your mama gave you?

DAVID HAMMER: What?

LISA: You know, shake your booty...do a dance move.

DAVID: There's different dance moves, my choreography. But my favorite right now is [*does soul singer type loose-fists undulate*].

LISA: Ah, the groovy move. OK, sit down.

DAVID: Americans are so aggressive.

LISA: So, I hear you have a football player in your show.

DAVID: A giant football player. It's DJ Iggy Amein.

LISA: Are you making fun of us?

DAVID: No, no.

LISA: You love the football player.

DAVID: Yeah, yeah. We love each other.

LISA: I mean "the football player" in general. He's a kind of innocent figure, huh?

DAVID: I don't know if he's innocent, but he's so powerful.

LISA: Oh, that's what you like.

DAVID: Well, yeah.

LISA: He's not innocent, he's corrupt.

DAVID: [*To friend Dan:*] She's so bad. She just runs over you. [*To Lisa:*] Sometimes, you know, I get really possessive about football players.

LISA: Why did you put him in your show?

DAVID: To even increase the excitement on Shizuo shows. Because I've changed. Now we're trying to achieve Shizuo consciousness by purifying ourself with the so-called "give up" sound.

LISA: So if you play football really hard, you get exhausted and go into the pure unconscious consciousness?

Is that what you're trying to say, David?

DAVID: Um, no--Shizuo, that means total enjoyment. Not like tired and going to sleep--more like waking up.

LISA: You get up.

DAVID: No, you give up.

LISA: Oh, you give up.

DAVID: You just give up.

LISA: Which is more interesting to you to

think about, death or sex?

DAVID: Sex is more like the honey of the female or the other humans or other materialistic things, and death is something like what happens some day.

One moment that happens, one deadline,



Puckering up...

Poor David, it's so hard to be good-looking on my ScanMaker E3 when you're blond & light-eyed. In real life he looks like a German surfer.

which is like everyday life. And, how you say it?--death is like...a freedom.

[*I love this description of men: "the other humans." --LC*]

LISA: You have to name a food for death, since you said sex is honey.

DAVID: Oh, then death is like no food.

LISA: Ah, very good. No, I mean it--very good. Have I offended you? I offended your

girl singer [Anika].

DAVID: Yes, you asked about her breasts. She is very easily hurt feelings. She does this tour to get enough money for the surgery.

LISA: She wants them bigger?!

DAVID: No, she wants make them smaller, like your style.

LISA: She does?

DAVID: Nooooo, I'm just kidding.

LISA: Oh, shut up! OK, what does "woo-ee-ow-ow" [on "Shizuo"] mean to you?

DAVID: Mm, that's a good example for good Shizuo consciousness: you have this kind of life feel, it's kind of easy and it's like, Woo!

LISA: What makes you the man?

DAVID: I'm the man.

LISA: Your press release says that. I'm very willing to believe you *are* the man, but could you give me one reason why I should?

DAVID: This tour is just a piece of the fuck step area, it's like a disco.

LISA: And what does an orgasm feel like?

DAVID: Hey man, it feels like bees in my stomach.

LISA: [*doubting him*] Really?

DAVID: Yeah! And then sometimes I see something like a beach. Miami, aerobics...

LISA: Beautiful sunset?

DAVID: Yeah, or sometimes I see the Alps.

LISA: No, I'm serious. I'm asking everyone.

DAVID: Yeah, I know, I read this magazine. It depends. Sometimes I'm more in the stiffy kind of mood, and then other times I want to have a relaxed time. I try to vary to increase excitement of it. Yeah, orgasm might be like a piece of enlightenment, and it's also an orgasm not to have an orgasm.

DAN: Do you play music to set the mood?

DAVID: I have this good record, [Shaft Funk?]. I play, I don't know, The Stooges. TV is fine, talk show is fine. But even that varies. Why these questions like, "How you do that?" It varies on the kind of vibration in the room.

LISA: You can't hold on to your not

holding on forever, you know?

DAVID: You American word games, I can't understand.

LISA: You can't be so loose always.

DAVID: Yes, it's not like that always. Maybe now I'm just flying high. I'm having an adrenalin shot now. I'm with you. I'm a big fan of yours, I have a tape of yours.

LISA: I'm a fan too. Thank you for putting your beautiful music in my stereo.

DAVID: Maybe this thing with the orgasm, I'm always so far out already, that when I actually have one, you should better ask someone else. You can't really know, you know. Sometimes it just overcomes me and there isn't even any music, you know?

LISA: OK, I give up.

DAVID: Finally.

LISA: No, I mean I give up like you want me to give up. You gave me Shizuo consciousness, just now. I'm not going to try to guess anything anymore. I'm just going with the vibration.

DAVID: That's good.

DAN: Like The Beach Boys, "Good Vibrations."

LISA: Or bad vibrations, I don't care. You never know.

DAVID: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

The first RD live review in 4 years

"Commit adultery. Commit adultery."

That's what the writhing woman on-stage was demanding. The fact that most of the audience members were under the age of consent for marriage didn't lessen the weight of the message any--in fact, encouraging unmarried people to break their vows is probably a lot more thought-provoking than it would be to married people. Suddenly, they were no longer disturbed 16-year-olds watching a more-formed-than-they woman on stage--they'd become grown men, heavy with responsibilities, nagged, contemplating freedom. We were all contemplating adultery. Anika was trying to have an orgasm on stage, this is what she told me, and this is what was

obvious anyway. She says it hasn't happened yet, but maybe by the end of the tour.... I don't know, maybe she has a bad voice, but it's quite impossible to say that. I mean, she's not there to sing, yet she's not there to strip really, either. Performers always say they don't care about the audience, they're doing whatever they're doing just for themselves, and you know they're lying through their teeth. But *she* really is up there for herself! I felt like I'd walked in on something, watching her like that. I felt little, like five years old, standing in a giant doorway.

As for David...you know, after the show two people who didn't know each other came up and said (unbeknownst to them that they were repeating each other) to David "you were wonderful" and to Anika "and you have a beautiful body." (Yeah, the man has the talent, the brain, and the woman has the looks she was born with--how original.) I think *Anika* is wonderful and *David* has a beautiful body! Wiry arms, my god. I just wish he'd get someone else to run the equipment, because he's such a dancer--spastic, but keeping the beat...some beat no one told me about. And he stuck one microphone to his mouth and one to his ear, and the thing is, you believe it--you believe he could sing so hard it *would* come out his ear. The sound is all over the place: Indian snake swaying, an explosion at sea, low-

flying airplanes and everyone is dancing in quicksand.

And then there was the football player--broad shoulders, enormous fake penis coming out, assaulting people. The ultra-masculine to one side of the stage, ultra-feminine to the other, and Shizuo in the center--the music, the gateway to "woo."

Again and again in a person's life, there is the climbing, striving, accumulating, knowing, and then there is the fall--off what we have, off what we know, into what we don't have, into what we don't know. T.S. Eliot described the fall as "the awful daring of a moment's surrender" while David Hammer just says "woo." It's funny that Alec Empire and David always run around doing things together, and Alec's message is explicitly "don't give up," while David's is "give up." It's the two opposing forces of life: resist, let it happen; erect a wall against a flow, accept the flow through you; sexualist, sensualist. They got in a fistfight the night before; David's neck was red and gouged. It's just like what goes inside everyone: the forces of "don't give up" and "give up" in a fistfight.

We are all what we are and the opposite of what we are, and we spend our life riding the subway between the two ends of ourselves.

It's odd that David equates giving up with waking up. I'm sure it's in falling asleep. Lay down and you have no control over what shape your self will drift into. You're naked and it's dark. There's no one to believe what you say, so you don't say a word. The night closes up the space your upright body left, as if you were never there; a wound sealing. The rain is an ocean above, parted by your roof, flowing down the walls like hair down either side of a face. You can't fall asleep until you give up your life, letting it be what the unconscious wants, what the crickets and the rain and all the



ANIKA!

other sleeping people want you to be.

Sexualists are realists. They move about among real stuff, accomplishing. With sexualists, what you are is what you're doing; with sensualists, it's what you're dreaming, what you're sensing, the glow you're casting. You are the promise you pick up in the air. Sensualists are superstitious, with modern, private superstitions. Sexualists see, and that's it--the other senses take too long. A gaping hole of luxury and unproductivity opens beneath taste and touching and remembering. *Danger, danger!*, sexualist-me cried out--and into the gaping hole I fell: hands palm up over my head I floated down, right through my bed.

You try for power, you try for order. When my mother died, I got fetishistic about everything matching and not having holes in it and stuff. It's like I wanted to be irreproachable, even to Death. This is the way I think a lot of people in the suburbs are like all life long, with their choreographed furniture and wall decorations that bring out the different colors of the decor, ordered from certain catalogs, and scheming and grappling for position within the company. My power looks different from an IBM CEO's, but it serves the same function: I, too, have that unexamined, fearful hope that it can protect me from death and disorder. My mother was clinging to her power right as she died. It was awful--she was so full of resistance. What it ended up protecting her from was life, not death at all. I'm sure I'll think different things at different points for the rest of my life, but right now I'm thinking that "life feel, kind of easy and it's like, Woo!" is the most important thing in life, because that *is* life, not just a sandbag against the coming flood of death.

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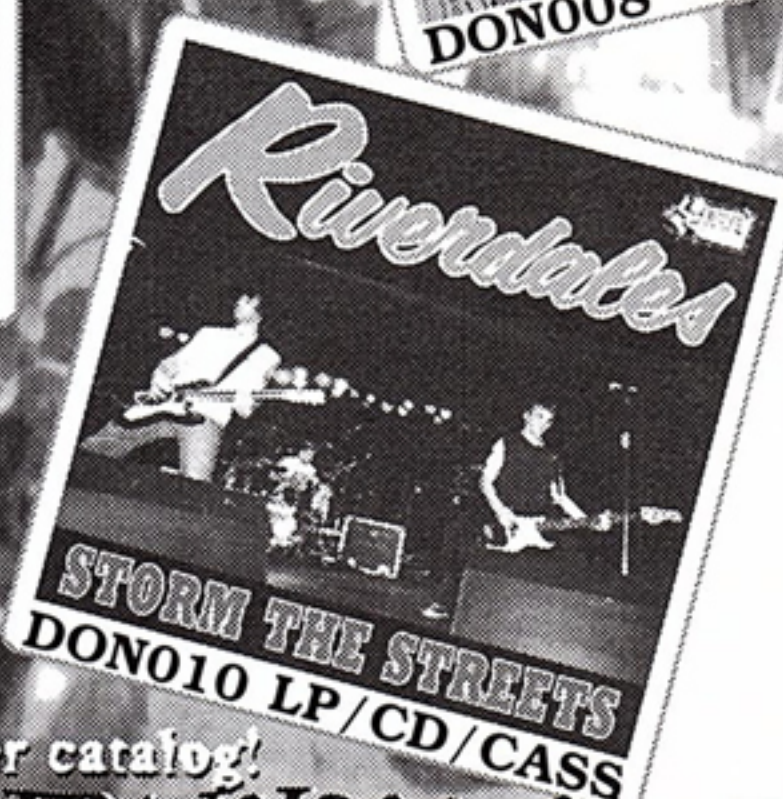
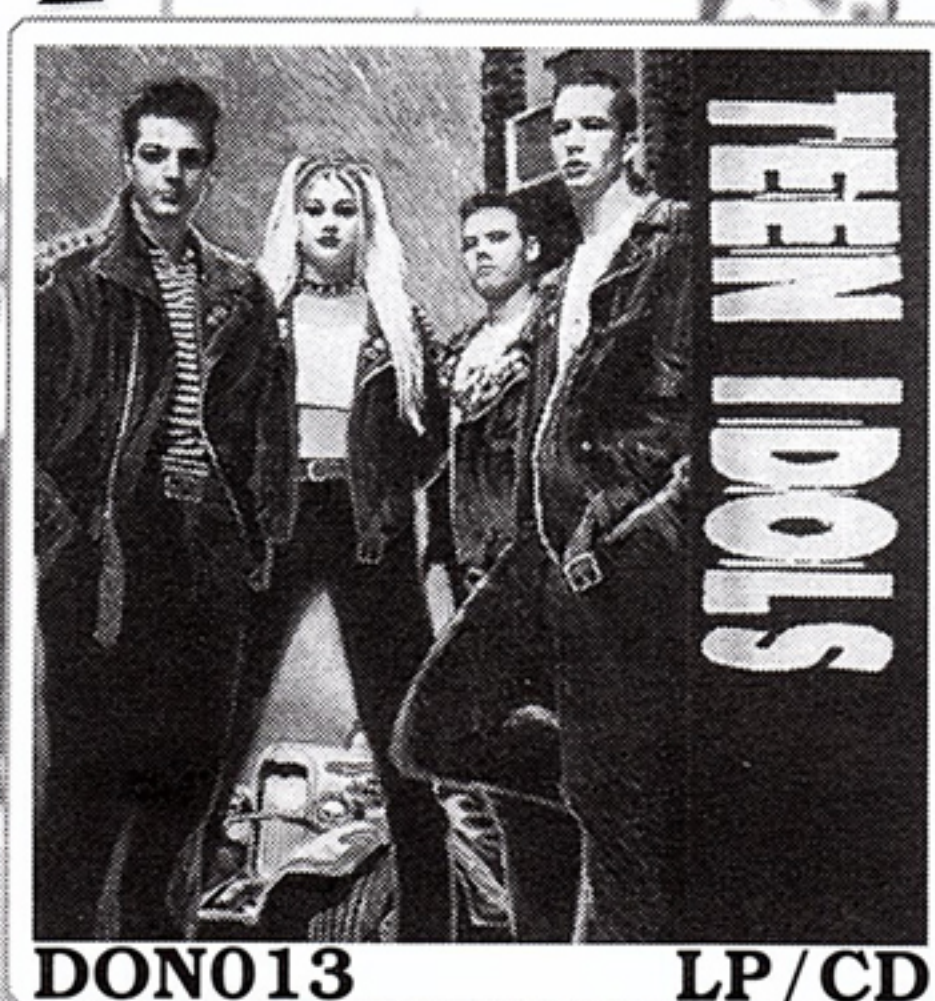
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Frederick Exley: The Last of the Great Undiscovered Drunk Writers

by Joe S. Harrington

Like everyone who ever read Fred Exley's *A Fan's Notes*, I found it a totally engrossing and enriching experience--as classic a travelogue of America coming-of-age in the '50s as Kerouac's *On the Road*, and a hell of a lot less obvious. The chronicle of a loser addicted equally to drink and football, the book takes on a rapturous flow that drags the reader through a ten-year confessional that is some of the most soul-baring prose of the century. In parts (particularly the astounding "Mr. Blue" chapter) *A Fan's Notes* is like a whirling hallucination--or maybe a bad case of the DTs. Like all classic works of "fiction," it's hard to tell where the fiction ends and the truth begins. One thing's clear: in order to write such a vivid portrait of madness, Mr. Exley must have had some pretty heavy demons to exorcise. A friend once remarked: "The part about laying on his mother's davenport getting drunk is true; the part about him getting laid he made up!"

After *A Fan's Notes*, Fred Exley, the writer, didn't really do that much--he wrote a couple of other novels universally recognized as bad--*Pages From a Cold Island* and *Last Notes From Home*--and freelanced a bit. But mostly he just drank, spawning two daughter within two brief marriages. He finally drank himself to death in 1992, at the age of 63. And now Fred Exley, the legend, is back. This year, Random House published *Misfit: The Strange Life of Frederick Exley* by Jonathan Yardley.

Who cares, one might say, about a guy who spent most of his life indigent, drunk and mentally disturbed, watching the Giants on TV, living off his mother or other women, hanging out in bars with his hometown buddies? What makes Exley such a fascinating character is that out of so little he was able to build the myth. Let's face it, lesser writers have been turned into legends, and maybe Fred Exley is simply the last unexhumed writer of his generation--the generation to whom booze and prose were inseparable.

Nancy Wells had the dubious fortune of being his second wife. Married to Exley for only a few months during the height of his "fame," the two of them would remain tenuously involved throughout the remainder of Exley's life. A Hanes

pantyhose model in the '60s, Nancy is still good-looking some 30 years later. She owns an herb farm in Cuyler, New York (middle of nowhere) with her fourth husband, Greg Wells.

Nancy today



JOE: How did you meet Exley?

NANCY: I was married to this older man who was very much occupied with his business. He owned a marina in Florida, and he was very, very busy. Fred worked for him, and I was thrown into a situation where Fred and I were in the same room, every day, eight hours a day, and I saw more of him than I did anyone else. He was showing me the manuscript for what eventually became *A Fan's Notes*.

JOE: Did your husband know that you were typing the book for him?

NANCY: Yes. But, you know, nobody took Fred seriously. He would say, "I'm writing a novel," and everyone would go "yeah, right." And my husband was the same way. I don't think anybody had any idea it was anything good.

JOE: So eventually you moved in with Fred?

NANCY: Uh, no...he moved in with me [laughs]. Nobody could ever move in with him because he never had a place to move into. What happened was, when I realized I had these strong feelings for Fred, I left my husband and I got a job and an apartment and Fred came and lived with me. His mother and stepfather were also in Florida at the time, and he would kind of drift between my apartment and their trailer.

JOE: You told Yeardley that you believe Fred wrote the book when he was in the mental hospital.

NANCY: Yeah. Fred always claimed that he burned his manuscripts when he left the mental hospital. I know Fred Exley probably as well as anybody and that man never burned anything he wrote.

JOE: What about Fred's cruel disengagement once Alex, your daughter, was born? That caused you a lot of pain I'd imagine--especially since he supposedly beat you.

NANCY: There wasn't that much actual beating. There was a lot of shoving and pushing and slapping and spitting and that kind of shit, but I wouldn't say it was a beating. There was an incident when I was pregnant when he did beat me pretty good that time and, in fact, he called an ambulance. I didn't want one.

JOE: Why not?

NANCY: It didn't warrant that. It wasn't like I was laying on the floor bleeding. It wasn't severe.

JOE: But you were pregnant!

NANCY: Oh yeah, but I mean I knew I was OK. But it was one of Fred's things to blow things all out of proportion. When things like this would occur...maybe it was self-punishment, you know what I mean? He had done something wrong and the fact that he had to call people in and that everybody would know that he did it was some type of punishment.

JOE: Is it true he told you you'd be "the most vilified woman in America" once his third novel came out?

NANCY: He said, "I will make you the most vilified woman in the western world!" [laughs] Before we started our interview, I thought about if you had asked

me how would I describe Fred in one word, I would say "infantile." In the sense that an infant wants all the attention, the gratification, all their needs met and everything. That was Fred: feed me, compliment me, screw me, whatever. Give it to me. And when he didn't get it, he was just like a child.

JOE: Do you think that's because he lived with his mother for so much of his adult life? Did he ever call you "mommy" during lovemaking?

NANCY: No, and I don't think that was the problem. I also disagree with Yeardley as far as any kind of homosexual tendencies. Fred preferred the company of men and I'm not sure that's unique to this area. Men like Fred really don't prefer the company of women--they like them for whatever women can provide. And that's the way Fred was--Fred spent most of his time with men. But I don't think that makes him a homosexual. Fred was so much a product of his time: the idea that you're in the bar with the guys and you're carousing and having a good time and you're bragging as you did as a pubescent male about all your conquests.

JOE: How was sex with the Ex?

NANCY: Dreadful! People could say, "Oh, the ex-wife, yeah, sure," but I have no axes to grind. I cared about Fred and wanted the best for him and always hoped that things would happen the way he wanted. But Fred was no tornado under the sheets. I mean, the "frightful hog" [*Fred's pet name for his phallus*] was a joke.

JOE: Why did you care about him?

NANCY: I don't think I was unusual in that. There were a lot of women that fell for him. There was something infantile about Fred that brought out this desire in you to mother him, and there was this *hopelessness*. And there's that much of an ego in some people, like myself, that you think you can change people.

JOE: What happened next?

NANCY: Well, I had an affair with Henry Roust. He was also from upstate New York--as a matter of fact, Fred had introduced us. Henry was married, but he had a very open marriage and was quite a lady's man--he was wealthy, very charming and he loved women. Henry was probably the antithesis of Fred. I got pregnant. Of course there was never any talk of him leaving his wife or anything else, but lemme tell you, abortions weren't readily available to women in that day and age. And I dare say had they been I probably would've had one. Fred and I actually lived together again at the end of that pregnancy because Henry and I just kind of drifted apart. Fred knew it was Henry's baby and claimed he didn't care. Well of course you know any man cares. I was naive to think that everything would, you know, somehow be put back together. I'll tell you honestly, I don't know what I was thinking at that time, but I thought somehow it was gonna work. It didn't. When my son was born, Fred kept telling the obstetrician, "It's my fault the baby's not right," and the obstetrician told him that it had nothing to do with anything that had happened other than the fact that I had toxoplasmosis. My son died two years later. Toxoplasmosis acts on a fetus like German measles--he had a lot of heart damage, lung damage and things like that. I met my third husband--a very nice person: boring but stable. Stable looked damn good then! I had a three-year old daughter and I wanted a life for her and I think I just decided that was probably the best thing I could do for both of us.



JOE: Were you in love with the guy?

NANCY: No. I did my schtick, you know? I raised my daughter, but by the time she was in high school the marriage just sort of fell apart. There was no animosity, none of the ugliness that went on in the divorce between Fred and I.

JOE: How did Fred get reacquainted with his daughter, Alexandria?

NANCY: He called me and wanted to know if he could see her and I really wasn't sure whether I wanted to do that because she had been adopted by my husband in Texas and I didn't know if it was fair to him, plus I wasn't sure I wanted Alex introduced to this person who was rather unpredictable. But I knew the day would come when she would have curiosity about him, so I talked to my husband and we decided it would be

OK if we met for dinner. And from then on, Fred decided he was Alex's father and he literally intruded on her life from that point on. He'd get pissed off at her and he'd swear at her in ways, you know, that most fathers don't talk to their daughters: "you fuckin' asshole," "you little bitch," etc.

JOE: What do you think about the elevation of Fred Exley to literary idol?

NANCY: I think Fred was the kind of person that perhaps fulfilled the needs of a lot of people that are looking for a guru. And I think the fact that he was never financially successful makes him even more appealing. Hell, he's fascinating! As much as he would piss me off, and piss other people off, he was a very complex, very interesting person. He was brilliant.

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Mail

Hello Dove!

Congrats on another spectacular issue. You really captured that Beckian (my godson). I just directed his mother Bibbe Hansen in a film remake of Woody Allen's *Interiors*. She played the Geraldine Page role and was amazing!! Bibbe is really the wild one in the family. She even told me that Beck's girlfriend Leigh came to her complaining that Beck's penis is way too large and scrapes the walls of her uterus when they have sex. Bibbe advised her to go to The Pleasure Chest or Drake's and buy some Wet Lubricant TM, which is the same stuff faggots use when they are fudgpacking each other (yikes). Now ain't that great mother-in-law-ey advice?

--Dr. Vaginal Davis, Princess Ozma of Oz, Los Angeles CA

Hot Pants--

I've come (well maybe cum) to realize that I am sensualist. A slightly different kind of sensualist, but a sensualist none the less. I'm a sensualist, because I like doing sensual things. But, I do these sensualist things alone and if I tried to do sensualist things with other people around I would just get pissed off. Now this doesn't mean that I drape a wig over my hand and refuse to continue until I compliment myself on how sensual I am.

Well maybe I do.

Anyway, I've come to realize that I am a sensualist by way of watching the sunset tonight. It was a really beautiful sunset. Pink clouds and a light blue sky. I didn't think about deep things while watching this sunset. I thought about how cool I am watching the sunset and about how a movie should be made about how cool I am watching the sunset. Then I went inside and debated masturbation. During my debate on masturbation I realized that I am playing a sexual game with myself. I compliment myself and think about sex. I'm teasing myself in order to feed my sexual ego.

And if this ain't sensualist then I don't know what is.

Well I'm going to go drive around town feeling cool and manly. Hope you have a good night.

--Jimmy T. Bone, parts unknown

Lisa,

A quick note while it's on my mind: the South is a hotbed for Sexualists.

Also, the religious connection you mention must be true, because the South is notoriously anti-Catholic. I mean, there are a lot of parochial schools here but they are mainly an excuse to give lower-middle-class blacks and whites and what-have-you a "private education" as they are either too poor or too stupid to get into the traditional Sexualist Protestant schools and they are somehow "above" going to the public schools cos there's "too many niggers." The public schools (and I can vouch for this) are the true hothouses of Sexualists! The traditional private school students

always had hidden boy/girlfriends who were spending their days trading sex secrets at Central High School.

So, what we have here are a bunch of Eagle-hooded cars, jacked-up 4x4s, sold-out metal shows and fucking in indiscreet spots. This goes for both races (I know not about the others, as Memphis is either "white" or "black" regardless of the influx of Texicans arriving for all the construction and landscaping gigs) except the vehicles may be different (though jacked-up 4x4s are cross-racial).

My old high school friend from West Memphis ARK, Vicky Willis, was a Def Leopard groupie when she was in the seventh grade. She was very sexualized for a 12-year-old and always relayed great sex tips as well as "How to Fuck with Men's Heads" tips. She loved to mentally abuse men. She took a big shine to Joe Elliot and she and her fellow seventh grade groupie followed them around one summer (prob. 1982), finally getting the attentions of the band. Vicky (of course) got with Joe and he, too, fell under her Lolita spell. He called her for years and one time I talked to him on the phone (he had a cute voice). Vicky was the kind of girl who loved to cast aside her men onto her girlfriends. She would delight in watching them make the tortured decision: all they wanted was her, but they wanted her so badly that they did whatever she wanted--and what she wanted was for them to fuck her girlfriends. She was intense. I always felt sorry for the guys, but that never got me anywhere.


--Kristin Young, Memphis TN

Dear Lisa,

I met you a few years ago. We were wearing the same panties (red, satiny with little bows on the hips). I gave you my pink rhinestone necklace. You beat up my date. Right now seems like the perfect time to write to you. Finally. I'm in North Carolina now. I thought I came here because it's beautiful and I didn't want to spend the summer in NYC but now I know that I came here to get out of the flow of things. The flow of things being

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something that has to do with NYC and SF and people with projects and stuff like that. How did I know that I wanted "to get out of it"? Well, I let myself get stuck here with no money in an apartment with no phone or electricity. I quit my job. I told my ride to go away. I spent my last few dollars on screw-top wine and I sort of disappeared. I feel calm now. Calmer than ever before. In the morning I go to the gas station across the street to buy coffee from a man with a big lump in his face. I can tell he doesn't like me but I don't really mind. I get my coffee allowance from the boy who lives here. At dusk we drink white wine with limes in it because it tastes like shit. The whole sky fills up with bats and because the clouds and the sky above them look like French renaissance paintings of heaven, the bats seem like little squeaky angels.

The boy who lives here is younger than me. Last night he told me that he thinks I'm possessed. He says there's more than one of me and that one of them loves him. I say that's one way of looking at things.

Everyone here seems like they're suspended in gel. The gel has kind of a tropical cast to it, blue or green depending on the light. It makes people move slowly. At first I couldn't feel it but now I do. I never see anyone except for the people in this apartment building, the clerks at the gas stations, and my friend Junior Brown. Junior does little all day except drink Busch and smoke on his porch. Sometimes his friend comes over. His friend likes to tell me again and again how he lost a leg when he got run over by a train. He drinks too much and it's really his own fault that he got run over but I think he likes to see it in a

different light. As if maybe God put his hand down and touched him. Anyway--it does give him something to talk about. Junior calls me his Sugarbee. He likes to drive me around in his car (a dark pink Pontiac Sunbird with a black racing stripe and opalescent sheen. He painted it himself.). He drives me to all the different body shops in town where he stops for a while to "talk." The men who work in the shops call each other Bubba or Bubber. They get a real sly look on their faces and they talk slowly, incessantly about cars. Broken cars, new cars, car parts, their own cars, cars they used to have.... They talk like they're talking in code, stopping often to snigger. Sometimes they talk about cars as if they're telling really dirty jokes. Then I think it is a code and that Junior is telling them untruths about me in a highly-evolved automotive spy language. I don't care if his friends think he's fucking me. He's not long for this world and he should leave it with a good reputation. He likes to tell me that he's "close to the horse's head," then he asks me if I'll lay a red rose on his grave if I ever come back to Asheville.

So I'm in this little apartment all day listening to the cars go by and the fan. I read lots and lots and I write this book I'm writing. Someone sent me a *Rollerderby* and it occurred to me that in my current environment I am so estranged from everything that it felt like I had just run into you walking across the Mojave or something. Soon I am going to have to get a job for a week and go back to some other life. Oh! I just read what you wrote about living with suicide and I swear I just came to the same conclusion about a week ago. I was walking up this really beautiful road having a feeling that it was so beautiful that I wanted to shatter myself on it, like all the beauty was somehow insufferable and I was being demolished by it. I've had this feeling come to me at times throughout my whole life and it's always made me suicidal. Or rather, it's one of the feelings that's only found expression in suicidal fantasies. So I was walking along, my heart all broken up for the millionth time when the obvious occurred to me. I didn't have to kill myself because I was going to die anyway. I realized that no matter what I did or how many "bad choices" I made that I was absolutely guaranteed to die. It dawned on me as the most wonderful thing. When I was younger death was a really seductive, vertiginous obsession and my whole life I've been both pushing it away and hanging onto it. Always fearfully, either using the idea of suicide to fight fear or being afraid the idea would kill me. There's a poem I read years ago and one of the lines in it is, "I carry my death and if I die it is death that will carry me in his arms as fine and light as thin grass..." or something like that. Since I read it it's been in my head (along with the song "Reunited") constantly just living in there. Now I know why. It's like when people say they get to god by starting out praying even though the prayers don't really mean anything to them. The words are there just waiting to be filled up.

--Cynthia Mitchell, ?

Lisa--

Part of my wanting to meet you is to get to know some people with more open sexual attitudes. In ---, I would get together with my best friend --- and his wife ---. This all started about six years ago when they invited me to watch them have sex. One thing led to another and before I knew it, --- was sucking my cock while she laid on the bed with --- fucking her. I came all over her tits and face and we all loved it. We've been getting together off and

on since then, through various girlfriends of mine and the birth of their son who is now four. It's, I guess, the longest intact relationship I've had for some time. --- is my best friend/brother of 20 years. He and I don't do anything sexually, but he loves to watch me fuck his wife. And I *love* to fuck his wife!! She is very nice looking, with great tits! And she loves to dress for us. The routine is that --- and I will visit and drink champagne while she is upstairs getting ready. I like to fantasize about what she might be wearing. She is always quite delicious looking when she comes downstairs and kisses me hello. I have polaroids if you want to see them. Needless to say, I miss them and look forward to seeing them when I visit twice a year. It would be great to find something similar here. I'm sure you have many offers and are busy as hell but I've fantasized about sending you my address, and a specific time to come to my apartment. The door would be unlocked and you would come in without saying a word. I'd be sitting in a chair, nude, and my eight-inch cock would be hard. You would sit across from me and watch me masturbate. I'd probably ask you to slowly pull your dress up to your waist so I could see your pussy, and also, I'd want to see your tits. I wouldn't have to touch you, and you wouldn't have to touch me if you didn't want to. --- came to pick me up a couple years ago to do some X-mas shopping and I greeted her that way. It was a surprise. And after she sucked me for a while she took off her top and bra and I gave her a pearl necklace. It was delicious. Another girlfriend came over, dressed to the nines with garterbelt hose and spikes and I ended up fucking her from behind, on all fours with her dress pulled up over her sweet ass.

So you see, I love slightly naughty animalistic fucking and sucking. I'm not crazy. I'm not going to bug you in any way. It was fun to tell you a little about myself sexually. Hope to hear from you.

-- ---, ---

Rachel came over just as I was typing that letter in, and I announced, "Rachel, I've had a revelation: I'm not sexually open!" She said, "You've never been sexually open." I said, "What are you talking about? If I'm not open, what am I?" I was excited at the prospect of talking about me. But sly Rachel just smirked and said, "Tight." And switched the subject to herself and the Venezuelan. --LC

Costes, Kate and Lisa are touring America the first two weeks of April. Know where we could play our opera? After that comes Europe, Australia, Japan and Taiwan. Know anywhere there?

Lisa--

I asked my friend Bob how the show in Lawrence KS went. He said, "We were walking up to the house and Lisa Suckdog runs up to Kristin screaming, 'A GIRL! A GIRL!' Then she picks her up, spins her around a couple of times and puts her in this van.

Later when we were inside, they started beating the shit out of this guy."

Not to be rude, but that's kind of lame that people tour and "perform" and part of this includes fucking someone up. It makes me wonder why I love your magazine when I feel like I have so little in common with you. I enjoy sweet sort of naive sex with my handsome, skinny, non-threatening boyfriend. The photos of you and Costes and Cindy with the flag rammed inside her are somehow really dangerous and not very sexy to me. If you have time, write me and let me know what you like about those images and how they are appealing. I'm not trying to be a critical asshole; I really just don't get it.

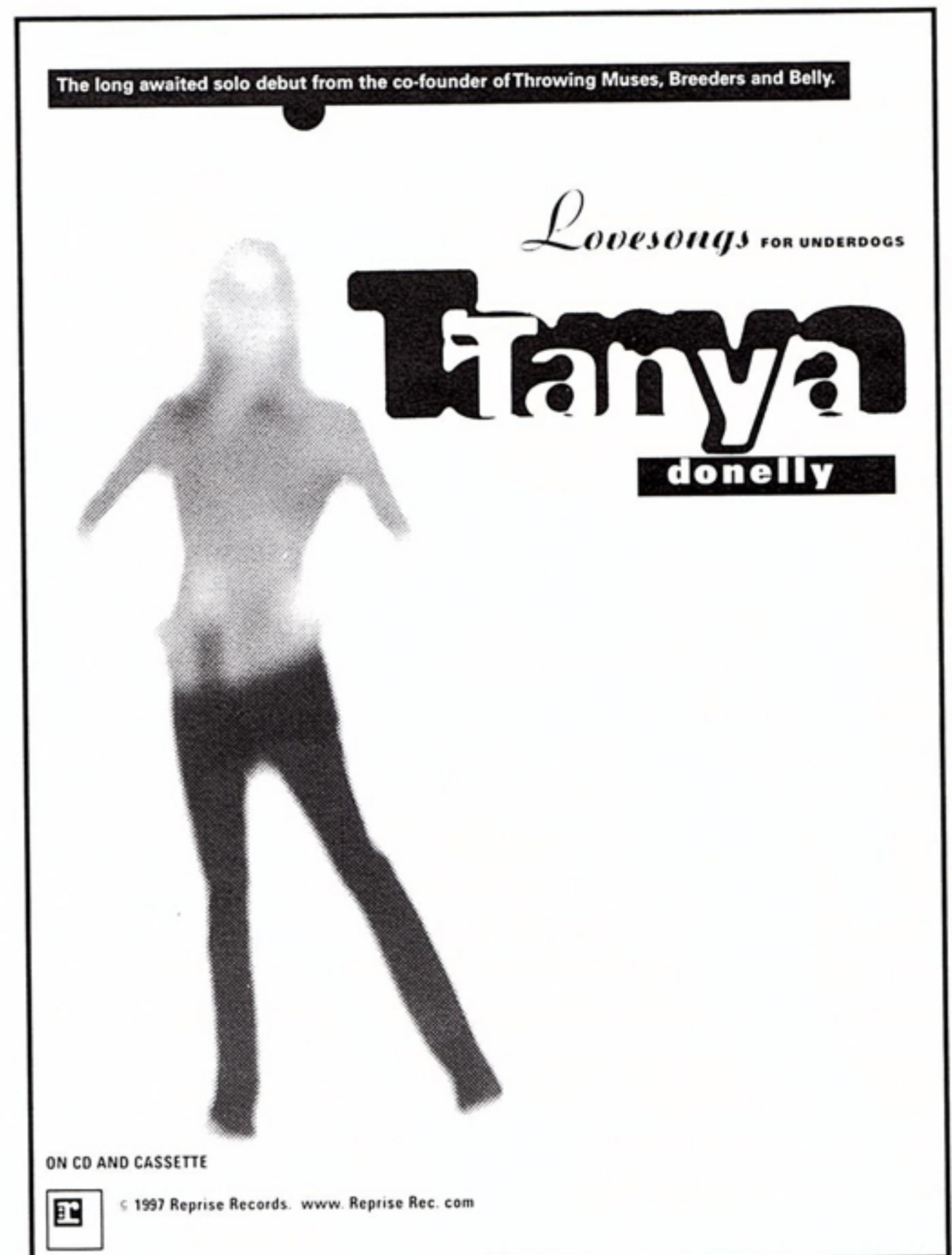
--Carl Atkinson (but I'm a girl), Lawrence KS

Zen masters slap people to administer enlightenment. We're American--we have to go further. But I'm wondering...how can I ever live up to things I hear I've done but don't remember at all? -LC

E-mail from Kate

Bikini Reflecting the Sun

You are gonna have one funky tan line! [Kate is referring to my plan to wear my chain mail bra and panties as a bikini at the beach. -LC] I have never been intimate with a conspiracy theorist, but I did have one ogle my underpants while explaining his paranoia in a laundromat. I'm having a little blackout concerning just who I might have porked that would be of interest to your survey. Someone recently asked me if I could remember the names of every guy I've ever fucked. Imagine if you can the blank expression that washed over my features with that question. →



Lezzie Unders

What are these lesbians thinking? They don't worship pussy, and they emulate their 'enemies'. They make as much sense as these wacky french leftists. It's always like something got lost in the translation.

I'm going back to work at Pandoras Box. I'm all excited about strange men paying me money to tie me up and work me over.

Four frightening men [Dokken]

We are all suckers for that captain look. Perhaps he might keel haul us at a moments notice.

If someone would follow me around with a dictaphone, my life would be a hundred times easier. I would be so organized and I would remember people's names. No longer would people have to deal with my blank expression when they ask me about a previous conversation, or when they come up to me all friendly and I don't know who the hell they are. I'd just turn to the dictaphone guy and say, "Alright Buddy, fill me in," and a moment of potential discomfort would be avoided.

I believe that a word shouldn't get you all worked up. It is our responsibility to force nervous types to hear their dreaded words over and over. Just until it no longer upsets them. My own mother had a hard time with the innocuous "cocksucker." God knows that one in particular has come in handy for me.

Pour some sugar on me

Did I ever have an exciting trip into work. While waiting for the subway, I couldn't help but notice a twenty-something black woman wearing a bright yellow scuba tank with a matching scuba mask and some silky evening pants to complete the outfit. The scuba mask was on top of her head, creating a headband effect. Wow! I didn't say anything, but I might have stared. She got on my train with her friend who had two young children in tow. A boy about four and a girl about six. The friend was seriously admonishing the boy. "Ladies first!" she screamed. "Women always go first! Through the door, through everything! You wanna be a man? Ladies go fucking first! You be number four, five or six. If you want to be a bitch, you go first." And onwards in the same direction. It was a strange lesson in respect.

I'm really throwing myself into my work. You should see my rear end. Handprints, whip marks, and untracable scratches. Wow! Nothing helps one escape reality like a good beating. It's also kind of nice to be a collection of body parts rather than a whole human for an hour. Nobody talks about the positive side of dehumanization.

I met Peter Bagge last night. He wants to hang out with the two of us the next time you're here. He's frightened, but intrigued. Please if you will bring some of your fine publication. I don't know where Ted [Gottfried] gets the nerve. He must believe he is the absolute pope of fanzines.

Something Sparkly on the back of the Toilet No, you didn't remember everything. A certain rhinestone choker with a heart on it is nestled among the weird toiletries on my toilet tank. When I look at it I feel good and know that you will



me & Kate (sorry - that makes 3 pictures of me! - I am decadent!)

Kate city

If it's possible that one person, however small, however young, could think "Kate city" in reference to New York, well my life can't be that bad after all. I would love to see Wolfgang with my dogs. I hold his picture next to my dogs and try to imagine the interaction, but I yearn for the real thing.


In answer to your questions: I've seen so many weird penises, I really have no concept of what might be considered normal. I spanked an eighty-five year old man this afternoon. I'm the wrong person to ask about "normal." Back in the '80s, some broad wrote a whole book about that girl spurtage thing. More shit to inspire a sense of inadequacy, I reckon. Multiple orgasms, tantric hour long higher consciousness coming, and now we're expected to freaking ejaculate. All I want to do is fuck. I want things pushed into my vagina. Is that so wrong?

Bill considers himself Heathcliff in that he'd drag me from my grave. I wouldn't put it past him--he's tried to drag me from my bed and from the beds of others. It's hard to concentrate on the blowjob you're giving when your beeper is going off every 20 seconds. I've tried to tell him that I need my rest. Especially when I'm dead and in the ground. I'm really going to be tired then.

In Kate City lives Boobies-girl (I love Wolfgang.)

You should have seen Darcy ignoring an entire half of the room for my benefit. As it was an open mike of course she had a couple of songs to perform, and people in my half were curious why she chose to give them only her back. I was honored! If she's so bugged with me she should stop making me feel so powerful. I like to take a macho approach to any friction with girls and assume they don't like me because they want me. They can't deal with their sexual attraction to me. That's Darcy's problem, she wants to go down on me and the frustration is making her cookoo.

Love love love, Kate (aka Boobies-girl, aka Mama's Friend)





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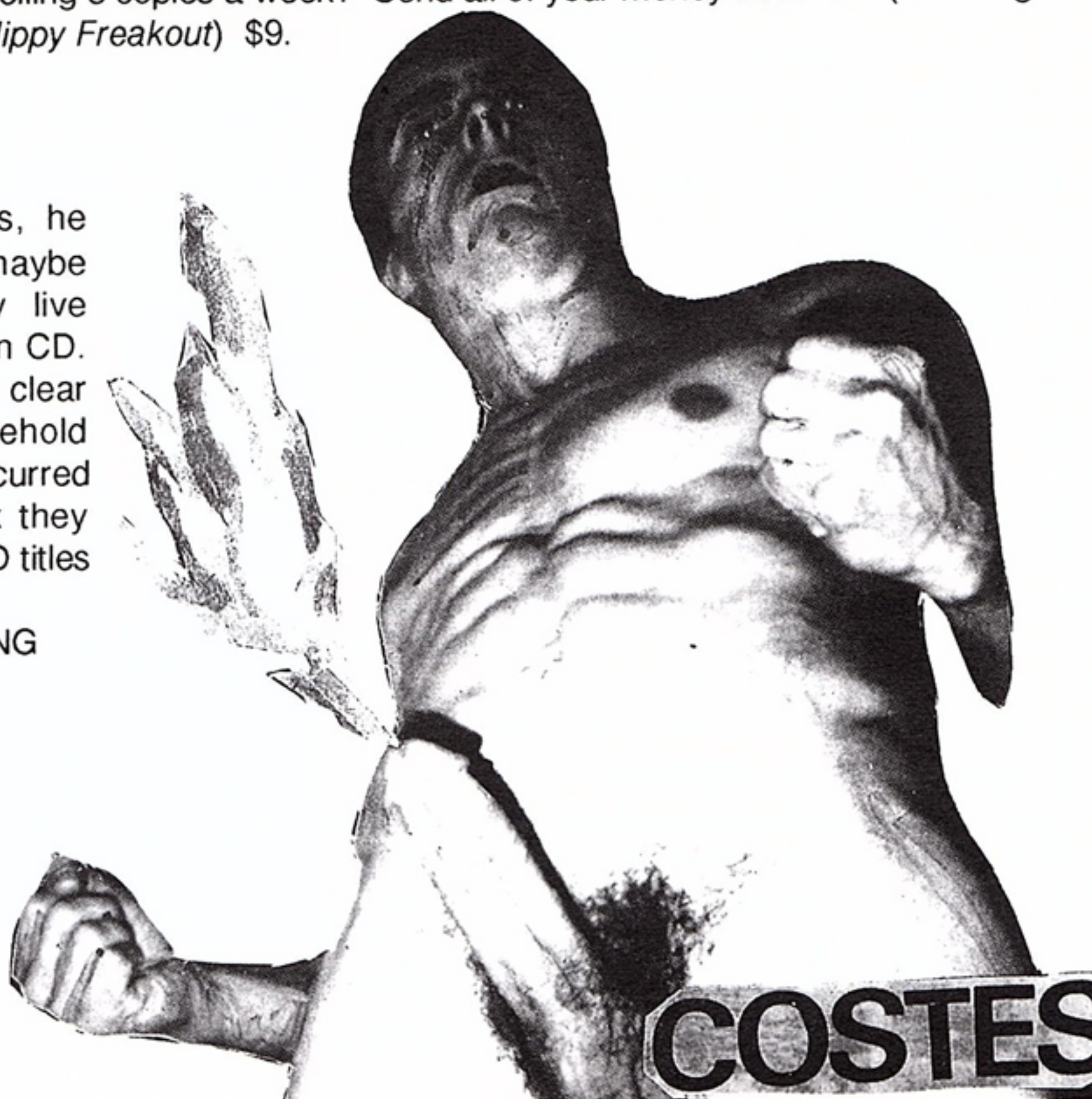
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Jewish Boys Are Disgusting Perverts

by Amy Kellner

I went to Orthodox Jewish Yeshiva all my life and let me tell you Jewish guys are sickos! I have known this since I was five years old, when I used to have playdates with this boy Andrew and he would only let me play with his Star Wars toys if I sat on his face for allotted time portions. I would plant myself down on his nose and he would sniff my panties and giggle. He also used to make me wipe him after he did number two, and I remember once he had half a poo sticking straight out of his butt and I had to knock the whole piece off into the toilet.



me & the boy who made me sit on his face...

Jewish guys made me the Jew-hating lesbo that I am. All through middle school I had nightmares about this one Rabbi who wore Israeli sandals and his toes were mossy green. I dreamt that he would make me rub his hairy stomach and then he would rub his fungus-toes all over me. He would put his hand on my shoulder and leer at me in class and I would cry. Luckily, most of the other Rabbis left me alone in favor of the little boys. My friend Ari (a boy) told me many stories of being fondled by Rabbis, but of course he liked it cause he's a homo. In fact, the principal Rabbi of New York's leading Yeshiva high school for boys, MTA, is a known child-molester, and nobody has done anything about it! He's been principal for like 20 years and all the boys I know who went there have stories about "wrestling" with him in his office, or worse, on one of their many "religious retreats" in the country. One of these MTA boys once started making out with me at a Ramones concert. I didn't even know his name, he was a friend of a friend, and he just came up to me and stuck his tongue in my mouth. I found out later his nickname was "Slimy." Before I could even decide whether I liked it or not (I didn't) he had unzipped his fly and pulled it out--right there for all the world and the Ramones to see. I was 14 and I was shocked! This was the kind of nice

Jewish boy I was supposed to marry? Did I mention that we were never taught sex-ed in school because Jews aren't supposed to even touch a member of the opposite sex until marriage? Everything I learned about sex was from my dad's vast porno collection that he hid in his closet right next to his tefillin (a weird leather strappy thing that guys wrap tightly around their arm when praying--very S&M).

When I finally decided to lose my virginity (age 16), it was with the son of a Jewish Nobel-prize winning author who was a big rebel in the orthodox world because he pierced his ear and listened to Metallica. It was so awful. He was worried that my busted hymen would bleed on his sheets so he put newspaper down under me. I was too intimidated and inexperienced to know how appalling his behavior was. He put it in excruciatingly slow and went in and out maybe five times, and then came on my stomach. I had barely bled, and he seemed pleased. Then he promptly dumped me. Now that I think about it, he might've been gay; he was really into Burroughs and *Salo: 120 Days in Sodom*, and he had no idea what he was doing "down there." But I was the first out of all my friends to lose my virginity (Jews are very late bloomers) so I had no one to tell me that this wasn't how it was supposed to be.

When my mother found out I had done it (by eavesdropping on a phone conversation), she came storming into my room, slapped me, and called me every name in the book, including "lady of the night"--my favorite. I was no longer a nice Jewish girl. It was no fun growing up an Orthodox Jew. All the boys after this were the same, I don't know why I bothered. They wouldn't have known a clit if it jumped up and slapped 'em in the face. I *never* had an orgasm with a Jewish guy. By the time I finally got laid properly by a goy-boy, it was too late. I was playing for the girls' team and there was no going back.

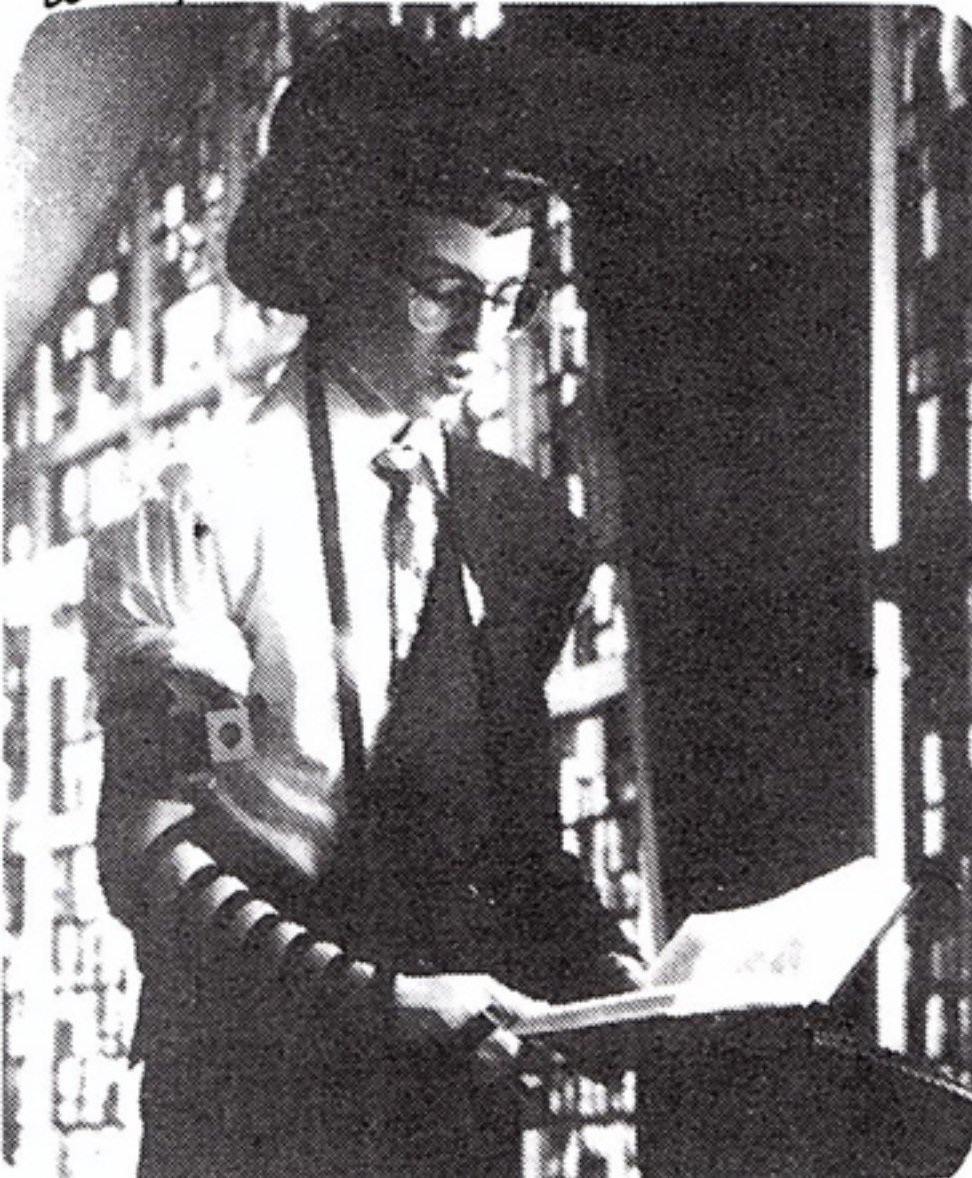


"OK: I once had a make-out contest w/ the boy on the left & another girl, Karen, in back of our synagogue. On the right is Ruby, who I "touched tongues" w/ in 3rd grade, & Ari."

Lisa here. Of course plenty of Christians and atheists are child-molesters too, and my virginity-loss at almost-16 to a Catholic was almost exactly like Amy's. Except I was the one who dumped him immediately afterwards, and when my mother found out by reading my diary, I called her names--you can see how cruel Protestant girls are. But in my personal experience, that combination Amy describes of awkwardness and lust overdrive (as well as the vast porn collection) is characteristic of Jews. Judaism itself is one sexeee religion. Pre-18th century was the mysticism tradition. Those guys really sexualized God. (They did a lot of drugs too.) Prayer was the people of Israel rising up and the blood making them hot and red, and then the people of Israel would turn into this stiff, straight thing *fucking God* (who, for that moment, was a woman)!!! They had to put rubber up on the walls of synagogue because people would get so excited they'd bang holes in the regular walls with their heads! Unfortunately, that doesn't happen at my synagogue. In the 18th and 19th century, it was decided that the way to God was through intellectualism. Submersion in texts, in study, would eventually bring you "there." Now it's a combination of the two. Kate Fallon-Landau, who gets beat up for a living in a dungeon, says that out of her myriad clients, the Hasidic Jews (that's the sect that followed the path of mysticism into the present) are "the worst."

In unrelated news, my rabbi said people are no different today than they ever were. I said but our situation is different. A community only exists when you have to go through the annoying stuff too, and now we don't have to. Technology is our main means of communication, and it can be shut off, whereas a neighbor knocking on your hut door must be seen. And we have so much money we don't have to deal with our relatives when they become senile. He said that we're not connected is the story we tell ourselves. In fact, he said, we are just as connected today as we were 3,000 years ago. If you put your grandmother in a nursing home and don't visit or call, that *is* your relationship. You have not, as you think, ended the relationship. You created this form for your relationship. If someone's e-mail annoys you and you don't reply, that *is* sending a message. Hearing that concept changed my entire awareness of my place in the world--from separate to not separate. If everyone heard it, it would CHANGE OUR ERA completely. It would mean accepting responsibility--not because you want to, but because you see it, and once you see it you can't avoid it. You can apply this concept to everything. For

Teffilin: leather strap winds around arm & attaches to black box w/ holy scrolls in it, also a box on forehead. Only for males over 13. Women pray from the heart, men have to think hard & wrap their arm in leather.



instance, if you made children with a man who had already demonstrated that he is the type of person who would be comfortable not taking care of his kids, then if he does go ahead and abandon them, you're not a single mom because "that's the way men/society is today": you chose what you got. It wasn't bad luck or even something you didn't do. You created your family like that.

There is no hell as afterlife in Judaism. There is only hell on earth, which is leaving the covenant with God (connected-ness), where-upon you (your actions) become free from eternal consequence.* So you can do whatever you want. As long as you don't get caught, it doesn't matter. You're not part of the earth. You have no real power. You have freedom.* This is exile.

Also, maybe someone can help me with this. You're supposed to be silent and listen to the clear voice within you. Whenever I try to do this, all I hear is my own voice saying, "Where are you, little voice, where are you?" I've done this many times, and have yet to hear anything at all. What do you hear?

*OK, this is *one* definition. I don't have time to list everything about everything. Well, I have time, but my mind doesn't work like that.

*There's two kinds of freedom. You know which one I mean.

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